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KING RICHARD THE THIRD

CASELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY
(New Series)

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



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INTRODUCTION.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD completes the Civil War series of the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, and is probably the earliest historical play of which Shakespeare alone was the author. There was an older play of which Shakespeare made no use, entitled "*The True Tragedy of Richard the Third*" wherein is shown the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower with a lamentable end of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the conjunction and joining of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and York. As it was played by the Queen's Majesty's Players." This old piece was first printed in 1594, and was then evidently of older date. It has been suggested that as it includes references to contemporary events, and does not refer to the Spanish Armada, the play must have been written before 1588. Its form certainly indicates an undeveloped state of the drama, and it has interest of its own as one of the earliest historical plays in our printed literature. For that reason, and for contrast with Shakespeare's play on the same subject, room shall be found for it after *Titus Andronicus*. The

present volume has to contain the completion of *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, the ground-work of Shakespeare's Third Part of *King Henry VI*. There was also a Latin play on *Richard III.* by Dr Legge, acted at Cambridge before 1583, which has no likeness to Shakespeare's

Of Shakespeares *Richard III* there are four quartos each giving it "as it hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants." The title in each is the same—"The Tragedy of King Richard the Third Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence . the pitiful murther of his innocent Nephewes . his tyrannicall vsurpation with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death ' The first quarto, dated in 1597, was printed by Valentine Sims for Andrew Wise. The second quarto, dated in 1598, was printed by Thomas Creede for Andrew Wise. So was the third quarto, dated in 1602. The fourth quarto, dated in 1605, was printed by Thomas Creede, and sold by Matthew Lowe, to whom the play had been assigned on the 27th of June, 1603. The next edition was that of the first folio of 1623. But there were afterwards at least three more reprints of the quartos, namely in 1624, 1629, and 1634.

The first actor of the part of Richard III. was Richard, one of the two sons of James Burbage. James Burbage was head of the company of actors.

servants of the Earl of Leicester, by whom the first theatre was built. His son Richard had begun to act in or before 1588. He may have been about three years younger than Shakespeare, and the plays of Shakespeare gave him an opportunity for full use of his genius as an actor. An elegy upon Burbage's death—which was two years later than Shakespeare's—speaks of his Richard III, his Hamlet, Romeo, Macbeth, Shylock. He was small of stature, but, says the elegy —

“What a wide world was in that little space!
Thyself a world—the Globe thy fittest place
Thy stature small, but every thought and mood
Might thoroughly from thy face be understood,
And his whole action he could change with ease
From ancient Lear to youthful Pericles.”

Corbet tells in his *Iter Boreale* how his host at Leicester turned Richard III. into Richard Burbage, for

“When he would have said ‘King Richard’ died,
And called, ‘A horse’ a Horse!’ he ‘Burbage’ cried.”

The great success of the play was in part due, no doubt, to Burbage's acting, and the part of Richard gives such wide range for the illustration of an actor's power, that *Richard III* has had unusual vitality upon the stage.

A play is to an actor welcome or unwelcome as it does or does not enable him to show the glory

of his art Richard III, who is the nearest approach made by Shakespeare to the suggestion of an incarnate spirit of evil, is gifted in large measure with that which Spenser made the chief attribute of Alichimago—the Devil, Father of Wiles—Hypocrisy. Shakespeare's Richard wears many masks, and every change makes a new call on the powers of the actor.

Although much in the general aspect of this play allies it to the earlier Elizabethan drama, the clearness with which Shakespeare shows all its parts from his own chosen point of sight, at once brings it within the range of Shakespeare's higher work. If he did not himself write some lines of the last speech of Gloster in the Third Part of *King Henry VI*—as I believe he did, although the lines occur in the *True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*—he fastened upon them, and drew from them the main idea of his tragedy of *Richard III*, that was to close the sequence of these Civil War plays with the Union of the White Rose and the Red.

"I have no brother," said Richard—

"I have no brother, I am like no brother,
And this word 'Love,' which grey beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me I AM MYSELF ALONE."

In the play of *Richard III* Shakespeare works out the conception of a life in which no compunctious

visitings of Nature, no regard for God or a man's Neighbour, stays the course of action in a life entirely bent on the aggrandisement of Self. Richard's one object of desire is to attain the Crown. Whatever may to other men be dear or sacred is to him nothing, if it be not matter to his purpose. If it concern him, then he plays upon it with hypocrisy to gain some step towards his end, or makes his way over its ruin.

Of the First Act, Richard's murder of his brother Clarence is the theme. In asides and soliloquies we hear him thinking. In them he triumphs over those whom he betrays, and we have disclosed the hard features beneath his mask. Contrasted changes in the form of his hypocrisy show him first false to his brother, then false in his courtship to the Lady Anne, whom he wins by soft flattery, and mocks within himself, when he has won her, with a devil's scorn. Then in the scene at the palace, the mask of the smooth suitor has a contrast in a new form of hypocrisy, he takes the face and voice of the bluff, honest, ill-used man, "too childish-foolish for this world." Use is then made of Queen Margaret as a Cassandra, and her prophecies of ill for ill, in fullest retribution, are as a Fate that dominates throughout the later action of the play. Then follows in the murder of the brother the destruction of one bar between Richard and the throne.

The Second Act has for chief theme the death

of Edward IV., which brings Richard closer to his single object of desire—the Crown. False peace, with malice in its words, falsehood in other forms, cloaked with hypocrisy—to the children, to his mother, to Buckingham, his friend—show Richard full of danger, as the citizens believe who speak of Edward's death. Says one of them —

“ By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
 Ensuing danger, as, by proof, we see
 The water swell before a hoist'rous storm —
 But leave it all to God ”

In the Third Act the throne is won by murder and hypocrisy. Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan are swept away. Hastings, triumphing in their fate, blindly meets his own. Religion is the last cloak worn to win the Crown.

In the Fourth Act, since Edward's children live, the cup of iniquity is filled full by the usurper's murder of the children. The Act is opened with the tender wail of women, and there comes with it an indication that even Richard, who has shut out of his heart regard for God and man, cannot shut out the thoughts by which his dreams are tortured. Hard cruelty, false friendship, that throws Buckingham aside when he is no more helpful to selfish ends, precede the joining in one thought the murder of the children in the Tower with the marrying of their sister Elizabeth. That marriage may make

sure the holding of the Crown, to which end, therefore, he is also preparing to destroy his wife Anne. The reader's mind is filled with the pity of the murder of the children. Then Margaret is again upon the scene, the wail of women is renewed, the day of retribution is at hand. As Richard marches to meet Richmond, the wail of the women rises to a curse, and the close of it is the curse of his mother.

When Richard, after this, uses his cloak of hypocrisy to secure his desired union with the young Princess Elizabeth, and succeeds in the temptation of her mother, he can swear to his sincerity by nothing that he had not dishonoured and profaned —

K. Rich Now, by the world——

Q. Eliz 'T is full of thy foul wrongs

K. Rich My father's death——

Q. Eliz Thy life hath that dishonoured

K. Rich Then, by MYSELF

Q. Eliz THYSELF IS SELF MISUSEN "

In the Fifth Act, which fulfils Margaret's curse, and brings home full retribution, when the two tents of Richard and Richmond are shown side by side (Richard committing himself to his earthly guards, and Richmond committing himself, before he sleeps, in prayer to God), again the motive of the play has vigorous expression. Richard, awaking in fear from his tortured sleep, exclaims —

"What, do I fear myself? There's none else by.
RICHARD LOVES RICHARD, THAT IS I AM I"

Richmond, in exhorting his men before the fight says —

"God and our good cause fight upon our side"

Richard has no such note in exhortation. He says —

"Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law"

Grant that there can be a man dead to all sympathies and sense of kin, whose only creed is "I am I," whose actions are absolutely selfish, unrestrained by pity, love, or tear, and Shakespeare's *King Richard III* sets forth the tragedy of such a death in life

H M.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH
 EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V,
 RICHARD, Duke of York,
 GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,
 RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III,
 A young Son of Clarence
 HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII
 CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury
 THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York
 JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
 DUKE OF NORFOLK
 EARL OF SURREY, his Son
 EARL RIVERS, Brother to Elizabeth
 MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, Sons to Elizabeth.
 EARL OF OXFORD
 LORD HASTINGS
 LORD STANLEY
 LORD LOVELL

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF
 SIR JAMES TYRREL
 SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN
 SIR WILLIAM CATESBY
 SIR JAMES BLOUNT
 SIR WALTER HERBERT
 SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower
 CHRISTOPHER URWICK, a Priest Another Priest
 TRESSEL and BERKELEY, attending on Lady Anne.
 Lord Mayor of London
 Sheriff of Wiltshire
 ELIZABETH, Queen to King Edward IV
 MARGARET, Widow of King Henry VI
 DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward IV
 LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI, afterwards married to Richard
 A young Daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET)
 Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III, Lords and other Attendants, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—ENGLAND

ACT I

SCENE I — London A Street

Enter RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, solus

Glo Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
 Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures
 Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front,
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass,
 I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph,
 I that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them,—
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
 And descant on mine own deformity

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fain well-spoken days,
I am determinéd to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be —
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul here Clarence
comes

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY

Brother, good day what means this arméd guard?
That waits upon your grace?

Clar His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower

Glo Upon what cause?

Clar Because my namé is George

Glo Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should, for that, commit your godfathers
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christened in the Tower
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar Yea, Richard, when I know, for I protest
As yet I do not but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G
And says a wizard told him that by G

His issue disinherited should be,
 And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought that I am he.
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
 Have moved his highness to commit me now
Glo Why, this it is, when men are ruled by
 women —

'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,
 My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
 That tempts him to this harsh extremity
 Was it not she and that good man of worship,
 Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
 From whence this present day he is delivered?
 We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe

Clar By heaven, I think there's no man is secure
 But the queen's kindred and night walking heralds
 That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
 Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo Humbly complaining to her deity
 Got my lord chamberlain his liberty
 I'll tell you what, I think it is our way,
 If we will keep in favour with the king,
 To be her men and wear her livery
 The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
 Since that our brother dubbed them gentlewomen,
 Are mighty gossips in this monarchy

Brak Beseech your graces both to pardon me,
 His majesty hath straitly given in charge
 That no man shall have private conference,
 Of what degree soever, with his brother

Glo Even so, an't please your worship, Braken-
 bury,

You may partake of anything we say
We speak no treason, man, —we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous, —
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing
tongue,

And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak With this, my lord, myself have naught
to do

Glo Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell
thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly, alone

Brak What one, my lord?

Glo Her husband, knave wouldst thou betray
me?

Brak I beseech your grace to pardon me, and
withal

Forbear your conference with the noble duke

Clar We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and
will obey

Glo We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell I will unto the king,
And whatso'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine

Clar I know it pleaseth neither of us well

Glo Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you
Meantime, have patience

Clar I must perforce Farewell
[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard*
Glo Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er
return

Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands
But who comes here? the new delivered Hastings?

Enter Lord HASTINGS

Hast Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air
How hath your lordship brooked imprisonment?

Hast With patience, noble lord, as prisoners
must

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment

Glo No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence
too,

For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevailed as much on him as you

Hast More pity that the eagle should be mewed,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty

Glo What news abroad?

Hast No news so bad abroad as this at home,
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily

Glo Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad
indeed

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consumed his royal person.
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you

[*Exit* HASTINGS

He cannot live. I hope, and must not die
Till George be prick'd with post-horse up to
heaven

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments,
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live
Which done God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter
What though I killed her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the venge amends
Is to become her husband and her father
The which will I, not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto
But yet I run before my horse to market
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and
reigns.

When they are gone then must I count my gains
[*Exit*

SCENE II. *The same Another street*

Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it, among them TRISSEL and BERKLEY, Lady ANN being the mourner

Anne Set down, set down your honourable load,—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—

Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster

[The bearers set down the coffin.]

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !

Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !

Be't lawful that I invoke thy ghost,

To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,

Stabbed by the selfsame hand that made these wounds !

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes

O, curséd be the hand that made these holes !

Curséd the heart that had the heart to do it !

Curséd the blood that let this blood from hence !

More direful hap betide that hated wretch,

That makes us wretched by the death of thee,

Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,

Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !

If ever he have child, abortive be it,

Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,

Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

May fright the hopeful mother at the view ,
And that be hen to his unhappiness !
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him
As I am made by my poor lord and thee !
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interréd there ,
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's coise

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo Stay, you that bear the coise, and set it
down

Anne. What black magician conjures up this
fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glo Villains, set down the coise , or, by Saint
Paul,

I'll make a coise of him that disobeys.

Gent My lord, stand back, and let the coffin
pass

Glo Unmannered dog ! stand thou, when I
command

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness

[The bearers set down the coffin]

Anne What, do you tremble ? are you all
afraid ?

Alas, I blame you not , for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil —
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
Thou hadst but power o'er his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have , therefore, be gone.

Glo Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst
Anne Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and
trouble us not,

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Filled it with cursing cries and deep exclams
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his
death!

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer
dead,

Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-governed arm hath butchered!

Glo Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses

Anne Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor
man

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity

Glo But I know none, and therefore am no
beast

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo More wonderful, when angels are so angry
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself

Anne Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy curséd self

Glo Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me
have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself

Anne Foulter than heart can think thee, thou
canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself

Glo By such despair, I should accuse myself

Anne And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand
excused

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others

Glo Say that I slew them not?

Anne Why, then they are not dead

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee

Glo I did not kill your husband

Anne Why, then he is alive

Glo Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's
hand

Anne In thy foul throat thou hest Queen
Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point

Glo I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders

Anne Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo I grant ye

Anne Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant
me too

Thou mayst be damnéd for that wicked deed !—

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous !

Glo The fitter for the King of heaven, that
hath him

Anne He is in heaven, where thou shalt never
come

Glo Let him thank me, that help to send him
thither,

For he was fitter for that place than earth

Anne And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo Yes, one place else, if you will hear me
name it,

Anne Some dungeon.

Glo Your bed-chamber

Anne Ill rest betide the chamber where thou
liest !

Glo So will it, madam, till I lie with you

Anne I hope so

Glo I know so But, gentle Lady Anne,

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,

And fall somewhat into a slower method,—

Is not the causer of the timeless deaths

Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,

As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne Thou art the cause, and most accursed
effect.

Glo Your beauty was the cause of that effect,
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo These eyes could not endure that beauty's
wreck,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by
As all the world is cheer'd by the sun,
So I by that, it is my day, my life

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death
thy life !

Glo Curse not thyself, fair creature, thou art
both

Anne I would I were, to be revenged on thee

Glo It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you

Anne It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband

Glo He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband

Anne His better doth not breathe upon the earth

Glo He lives that loves thee better than he could

Anne Name him

Glo Plantagenet

Anne Why, that was he

Glo The selfsame name, but one of better nature

Anne Where is he ?

Glo Here [She spits at him.

Why dost thou spit at me ?

Anne Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake !

Glo Never came poison from so sweet a place

Anne Never hung poison on a fouler toad
Out of my sight ! thou dost infect my eyes

Glo Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine

Anne Would they were basilisks, to strike thee
dead !

Glo I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops

Take up the sword again, or take up me

Anne Arise, dissembler though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner

Glo Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne I have already

Glo Tush, that was in thy rage

Speak it again, and, even with the word,

This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,

Shall for thy love kill a far truer love,

To both their deaths thou shalt be accessary

Anne I would I knew thy heart.

Glo 'Tis figued in my tongue

Anne I fear me both are false

Glo Then never man was true

Anne Well, well, put up your sword

Glo Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne That shall you know hereafter

Glo But shall I live in hope?

Anne All men, I hope, live so

Glo Vouchsafe to wear this ring

Anne To take is not to give

Glo Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart,

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine

And if thy poor devoted suppliant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever

Anne What is it?

Glo That it would please thee leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to Crosby Place,

Where, after I have solemnly interred

At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
 And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
 I will with all expedient duty see you
 For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
 Grant me this boon.

Anne With all my heart, and much it joys me
 too,

To see you are become so penitent
 Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me

Glo Bid me farewell

Anne 'Tis more than you deserve,
 But since you teach me how to flatter you,
 Imagine I have said farewell already

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, TRESSSEL, and BERKELEY*]

Glo Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo No, to Whitefriars, there attend my coming
 [*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long

What! I, that killed her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate,

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes

The bleeding witness of her hatred by,

Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
 me,

And I no thing to back my suit withal

But the plain devil and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford .
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed ?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety !
(On me, that halt and am unshapen thus ?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love —
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass [Exit

SCENE III — The Palace

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, and Lord GREY

Riv Have patience, madam there's no doubt
his majesty

Will soon recover his accustomed health

Grey In that you brook it ill, it makes him
worse

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words
Q Eliz If he were dead, what would betide of
 me?

Riv No other harm but loss of such a lord

Q Eliz The loss of such a lord includes all harm

Grey The heavens have blessed you with a
 goodly son

To be your comforter when he is gone

Q Eliz Oh, he is young, and his minority
 Is put unto the trust of Richard C'oster,
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you

Riv Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q Eliz It is determined, not concluded yet
 But so it must be, if the king miscarry

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY

Grey Here come the lords of Buckingham and
 Stanley

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan God make your majesty joyful as you
 have been!

Q Eliz The Countess Richmond, good my lord
 of Stanley,

To your good prayers will scarcely say amen
 Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
 And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
 I hate not you for her proud arrogance

Stan I do beseech you, either not believe
 The envious slanders of her false accusers,
 Or, if she be accused in true report,
 Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
 From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Riv Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stan But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty

Q Eliz What likelihood of his amendment, lords ?

Buck Madam, good hope, his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q Eliz God grant him health ! Did you confer with him ?

Buck Ay, madam he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain,
And sent to wain them to his royal presence

Q Eliz Would all were well !—but that will
never be

I fear our happiness is at the height

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSLET

Glo They do me wrong, and I will not endure't :
Who are they that complain unto the king
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not ?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentionous rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fan,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks ?

Riv To whom in all this presence speaks your
grace ?

Glo To thee, that hast not honesty nor grace
When have I injured thee ? when done thee wrong ?
Or thee ? or thee ? or any of your faction ?
A plague upon you all ! His royal person,—

Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Q. Elz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the
 matter

The king, of his own royal disposition,
 And not provoked by any sutor else,
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred
 Which in your outward actions shows itself
 Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
 Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather
 The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo I cannot tell the world is grown so bad,
 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch :
 Since every Jack became a gentleman,
 There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Elz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
 brother Gloster,
 You envy my advancement and my friends' :
 God grant we never may have need of you !

Glo Meantime, God grants that we have need of
 you
 Our brother is imprisoned by your means,
 Myself disgraced, and the nobility
 Held in contempt, whilst many fair promotions
 Are daily given to ennoble those
 That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Elz. By him that raised me to this careful
 height
 From that contented hap which I enjoyed,
 I never did incense his majesty
 Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
 An earnest advocate to plead for him
 My lord, you do me shameful injury,

Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects

Glo You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment

Riv She may, my lord, for—

Glo She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows
not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein
And lay those honours on your high deserts

What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she,—

Riv What, marry, may she?

Glo What, marry, may she ' marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too
I wis your grandam had a worser match

Q Eliz My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and storméd at

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind

Small joy have I in being England's queen —

Q Mar [*Aside*] And lessened be that small,
God, I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state and seat is due to me —

Glo What! threat you me with telling of the
king?

Tell him, and spare not look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower

'Tis time to speak,—my pains are quite forgot —

Q. Mar [*Aside*] Out, devil! I remember them too well

Thou slew'st my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.—

Glo Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends

To royalise his blood I spilt mine own —

Q. Mar [*Aside*] Ay, and much better blood than his or thine

Glo In all which time you and your husband Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster :

And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere now, and what you are ;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.—

Q. Mar [*Aside*] A mercurious villain, and so still thou art —

Glo Poor Clarence did forsake his father,
Warwick,

Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar [*Aside*] Which God revenge!—

Glo To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mewed up

I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine

I am too childish-foolish for this world —

Q. Mar [*Aside*] Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,

Thou cacodemon! There thy kingdom is.

Riv My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We followed then our lord, our lawful king
So should we you, if you should be our king

Glo If I should be ! I had rather be a pedlar
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it !

Q Eliz As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof —

Q Mar [*Aside*] As little joy enjoys the queen
thereof,

For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient [*Advancing*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pilled from me !

Which of you trembles not that looks on me ?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels ?

O gentle villain, do not turn away !

Glo Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in
my sight ?

Q Mar But repetition of what thou hast maid red,
That will I make before I let thee go

Glo Wert thou not banishéd on pain of death ?

Q Mar. I was,

But I do find more pain in banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me,—

And thou a kingdom,—all of you allegiance.

The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine

Glo The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper

And with thy sorrow drew'st rivers from his eyes,
 And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
 Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
 His curses, then from bitterness of soul
 Denounced against thee, are all full'n upon thee;
 And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed

Q Eliz So just is God, to right the innocent.

Mar O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
 And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported

Dor No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck Northumberland, then present, wept to see it

Q Mar What were you smiling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
 And turn you all your hatred now on me?
 Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
 That Henry's death my lovely Edward's death,
 Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
 Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
 Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
 Why, then, give way, dull clouds to my quick
 curses!

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
 As ours by murder, to make him a king!
 Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
 For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales
 Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Outhve thy glory, like my wretched self!
 Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
 And see another, as I see thee now,

Decked in thy nights, as thou art stalled in mine !
Long die thy happy days before thy death ,
And, after many lengthened hours of grief
Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !—
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabbed with bloody daggers God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlooked accident cut off !

Glo Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered
hag !

Q Mar And leave out thee ? stay, dog, for thou
shalt hear me

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog !
Thou that wast sealed in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell !
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !
Thou rag of honour ! thou detested—

Glo Margaret

Q Mar Richard !

Glo

Ha !

Q Mar.

I call thee not.

Glo I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst called me all these bitter names

Q Mar Why, so I did, but looked for no reply
O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret'

Q Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse
against yourself.

Q Mar Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous hunch-backed
toad

Hast False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience

Q Mar Foul shame upon you! you have all
moved mine

Riv Were you well served, you would be taught
your duty

Q Mar To serve me well, you all should do me
duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dor Dispute not with her, she is lunatic

Q Mar Peace, master marquess, you are
malapert

Your fine-new stamp of honour is scarce current
O, that your young nobility could judge

What 'twere to lose it and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake
them,

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo Good counsel, marry leain it, learn it
maiquess

Dor It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo Yea, and much more. but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun

Q Mar And turns the sun to shade, alas ! alas !
Witness my son, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it,
As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck Peace, peace ! for shame, if not for charity

Q Mar Urge neither charity nor shame to me
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buck Have done, have done

Q Mar O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy
hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse

Buck Nor no one here, for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air

Q Mar I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog !
Look, when he fawns, he bites, and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Have not to do with him, beware of him,

Sm, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him

Glo What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord

Q Mar What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow

And say poor Margaret was a prophetess!—

Love each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit*

Hast My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses

Riv And so doth mine I muse why she's at liberty,

Glo I cannot blame her by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her

Q Eliz I never did her any, to my knowledge

Glo But you have all the vantage of her wrong
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid,

He is flanked up to fattening for his pains,

God pardon them that are the cause of it!

Riv A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pay for them that have done scathe to us

Glo So do I ever [*Aside*] being well advised,
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself

Enter CATESBY

Cates Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—

And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords

Q. Eliz. Catesby, we come Lords, will you go
with us?

Ric. We wait upon your grace

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER*]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do beweepe to many simple gulls,
Namely, to Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham,
And say it is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother
Now, they believe it, and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
But, soft! here come my executioners.

Enter two Murderers

How now, my hardy, stout, resolv'd mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

1 Murd. We are, my lord, and come to have
the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is

Glo. Well thought upon,—I have it here about
me

[*Gives the warrant*]

When you have done, repair to Catesby Place
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead,
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him
1 Murd Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
 prate,
 Talkers are no good doers: be assured
 We come to use our hands and not our tongues.
Glo Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes
 drop tears
 I like you, lads,—about your business strait;
 Go, go, dispatch
1 Murd We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Tower

Enter CLAPNELL and BRANBURY.

Brak Why looks your grace so heavy to-day?

Clar O, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,—
 So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak What was your dream, my lord? I pray
 you tell me.

Clar Methought that I had broken from the
 Tower,
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
 And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches thence we looked toward
 England,
 And cited up a thousand fearful times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster

That had befall'n us As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled, and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea
Some lay in dead men's skulls, and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,—
As 'twere in scorn of eyes,—reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by

Brah Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

Clar Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the ghost but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air,
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea

Brah Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

Clar O, no, my dream was lengthened after life ;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;

Who cried aloud, 'What savings for perjury
 Can this dark morning afford false Clarence?'
 And so he vanished, then came wandering by
 A shadow like an eagle with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud
 'Clarence is come — false footing, prepared
 Clarence. —'

That started me in the holy Tetherbury, —
 'Sleep on here, Fair-sleept, to your rest!'
 With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
 Entered my chamber, for mine ears
 Such noisous cries that hither they rose,
 I trembling raised, and for a season after
 Could not believe that I was in hall. —
 Such terrible vapours came in the dream
 But No more of that, though it frightened you;
 I am afraid now to tell you so much.

Cler. O Brother, what have done these things
 Which now I hear you utter against my soul.
 For Edward's sake, and so I urge you to me —
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot help thee,
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds.
 Yet execute it watch in the close
 O spare the guiltless wife and my poor children! —
 Keeper, I pray thee, sit by me awhile;
 My soul is heavy, and I fear would sleep.

Brat. I will my lord. God give you grace good
 rest! — *[Clarence sleeps.]*
 Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
 night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil.
 And, for unfelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of restless cares
So that, between their titles and low name
There's nothing differs but the outward fame

Enter the two Murderers

1 *Murd* Ho! who's here?

Brak What would'st thou, fellow? and how
cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd* I would speak with Clarence and I
came hither on my legs

Brak. What, so brief?

2 *Murd* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious Let
him see our commission, ' talk no more

[Brakenbury reads it]

Brak I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning
Here are the keys,—there sits the duke asleep.
I'll to the king, and signify to him
That thus I have resigned my charge to you

1 *Murd* You may, sir, 'tis a point of wisdom
fare you well. *[Exit Brakenbury]*

2 *Murd* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd* No, then he will say 'twas done
cowardly, when he wakes

2 *Murd* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall
never wake till the judgment-day

1 *Murd* Why, then he'll say we stabbed him
sleeping

2 *Murd* The urging of that word 'judgment'
hath bled a kind of remorse in me

1 *Murd* What, art thou afraid?

2 *Murd* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it;

but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend us

1 *Murd* I thought thou hadst been resolute

2 *Murd* So I am, to let him live

1 *Murd* I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so

2 *Murd* Nay, I prithee, stay a little, I hope my holy humour will change, 'twas wont to hold me but while one tells twenty

1 *Murd* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me

1 *Murd* Remember our reward when the deed's done

2 *Murd* Zounds, he dies I had forgot the reward

Murd Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd* In the Duke of Gloster's purse

1 *Murd* So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd* 'Tis no matter, let it go, there's few or none will entertain it

1 *Murd* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd* I'll not meddle with it.—it is a dangerous thing it makes a man a coward. a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him, a man cannot swear, but it checks him, a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom, it fills one full of obstacles it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found, it beggars any man that keeps it it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

1 *Murd* Zounds, it is even now at my elbow,
persuading me not to kill the duke

2 *Murd* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe
him not he would insinuate with thee but to make
thee sigh

1 *Murd* I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail
with me

2 *Murd* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects
his reputation Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd* Take him over the costard with the
hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the
malnsey-butt in the next room

2 *Murd* O excellent device! make a sop of him

1 *Murd* Soft, he wakes

2 *Murd* Strike!

1 *Murd* No, we'll reason with him

Clar [*waking*] Where art thou, keeper? give
me a cup of wine

2 *Murd* You shall have wine enough, my lord,
anon

Clar In God's name, what art thou?

2 *Murd* A man, as you are

Clar But not, as I am, loyal

2 *Murd* Nor you, as we are, loyal

Clar Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are
humble

2 *Murd* My voice is now the king's, my looks
mine own.

Clar How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both To, to, to—

Clar To murder me?

Both Ay, ay

Clar You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd* Offended us you have not, but the king

Clar I shall be reconciled to him again

2 *Murd* Never, my lord therefore prepare
to die

Clar Are you called forth from out a world of
men

To slay the innocent? What's my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence's death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me.

The deed you undertake is damnable

1 *Murd* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd* And he that hath commanded is our
king

Clar Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder will you, then,
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?

Take heed for he holds vengeance in his hands
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd*. And that same vengeance doth he hurl
on thee

For false forswearing, and for murder too.

Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster

1 *Murd* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow, and with thy treacherous
blade

Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son

2 *Murd* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and
defend

1 *Murd* How canst thou urge God's dreadful
law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake

He sends you not to murder me for this,

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be revenged for this deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm,

He needs no indirect nor lawless course

To cut off those that have offended him

1 *Murd* Who made thee, then, a bloody
minister,

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar My brother's love, the devil, and my rage

1 *Murd* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy
fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee

Clar If you do love my brother, hate not me,

I am his brother, and I love him well

If you be hired for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster,

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death

2 *Murd* You are deceived, your brother Gloster
hates you

Clar O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear :
Go you to him from me.

Both Ay, so we will

Clar Tell him, when that our princely father
York

Blessed his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship
Bid Gloster think of this, and he will weep

1 Murd Ay, millstones, as he lessoned us to
weep

Clar O, do not slander him, for he is kind

1 Murd Right,

As snow in harvest — Come, you deceive yourself .
Tis he that sends us to destroy you here

Clar It cannot be, for he bequept my fortune,
And hugged me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery

2 Murd Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

1 Murd Make peace with God, for you must
die, my lord

Clar Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul.
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 Murd What shall we do?

Clar Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life

1 *Murd* Relent ! 'tis cowardly and womanish
Clar Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish,—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks,
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress
A begging prince what beggar pities not ?

2 *Murd* Look behind you, my lord

1 *Murd* Take that, and that if all this will
not do, [Stabs him.
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within
[Exit with the body

2 *Murd* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatched !
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done !

Re-enter First Murderer

1 *Murd* How now ! what mean'st thou, that
thou help'st me not ?
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou
art !

2 *Murd* I would he knew that I had saved his
brother !
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;
For I repent me that the duke is slain [Exit.

1 *Murd* So do not I - go, coward as thou art !
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial .
And when I have my meed, I will away ;
For this will out, and here I must not stay [Exit

ACT II

SCENE I — London A Room in the Palace

Enter King EDWARD led in sick, Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others

K Edu Why, so, now have I done a good day's work —

You peers, continue this united league
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence,
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth
Rivers and Hastings, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love

Riv By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging hate,

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love

Hast So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K Edu Take heed you dally not before your king,

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end

Hast So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K Edu Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,

Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you,—
You have been factious one against the other
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do do it unfeignedly

Q. Eliz There, Hastings, I will never more
remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K Edw Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love
lord marquess

Dor This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be unviolable

Hast And so swear I. [*They embrace*]

K Edw Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou
this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity

Buck [*To the Queen*] Whenever Buckingham
doth turn his hate

Upon your grace, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me!—this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours

[*They embrace*]

K Edw A pleasing cordial, princely Buck-
ingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace

Buck And, in good time, here comes the noble
duke

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo Good morrow to my sovereign king and
queen,

And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day
 Brother, we have done deeds of charity,
 Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
 Between these warring wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege —
 Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
 Hold me a foe,

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace.

'Tis death to me to be at enmity,
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love. —

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my intercession —
 Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

If ever any grudge were lodged between us, —
 Of you, Lord Rivers, — and, Lord Grey, of you, —
 That all without desert have frowned on me, —
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen, — indeed, of all
 I do not know that Englishman alive

With whom my soul is any jot at odds
 More than the infant that is born to night
 I thank my God for my humility

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter —
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded —
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace

Glo. Why, madam, have I offered love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence?
 Who knows not that the noble duke is dead?

[*They all start*

You do him injury to scorn his corse

Riv Who knows not he is dead ! Who knows
he is ?

Q Eliz All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

Buck Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest ?

Dor Ay, my good lord, and no one in this
presence

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks

K Edw Is Clarence dead ? The order was re-
versed

Glo But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
And that a wingéd Mercury did bear,
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion !

Enter STANLEY

Stan A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

K Edw I pray thee, peace my soul is full of
sorrow

Stan I will not use, unless your highness grant

K Edw Then speak at once what is it thou
demand'st

Stan The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life,
Who slew to day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk

K Edw Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?
My brother killed no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who said to me for him? who in my rage,
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be reviv'd?
 Who spoke of brotherhood, who spoke of love?
 Who told me how the poor soul did for me
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
 Who told me, in the noblest of the land,
 When Oxford had me down, he rose to meet me,
 And said, 'Do it brother, let me be a king?'
 Who told me, when he both lay in the bed
 Frozen almost to death, how he did oppress
 Even in his garments, and did give me life,
 All this and added, to the wounds he did light?
 All this from my remembrance, I have so much
 Sadly pluck'd, and set a number of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind,
 But when your curses, or your wrappings, or
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The piece & image of our dear Brother,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
 And I, unjustly too, must forgive it if you —
 But for my brother not a man would speak,
 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul! The proud of you all
 Have been beholding to him in his life,
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life —
 O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me and you, and mine and yours for this!
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet — Ah!
 Poor Clarence!

*[Exeunt King and Queen, Hastings,
 Rivers, Dorset, and Grey]*

Glo. This is the fruit of richness — Maled you
 not

How that the guilty hundred of the queen

Looked pale when they did hear of Clarence' death ?
O, they did urge it still unto the king !
God will revenge it — But come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company

Buck We wait upon your grace. [Exeunt

SCENE II — Another Room in the Palace

*Enter the Duchess of YORK, with a Son and
Daughter of CLARENCE*

Boy Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead ?

Duch No, boy

Boy Why do you wring your hands, and beat
your breast,

And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son !'

Girl Why do you look on us, and shake your
head,

And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive ?

Duch My pretty cousins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death,
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost

Boy Then, grandam, you conclude that he is
dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect

Girl And so will I

Duch Peace, children, peace ! the king doth love
you well

Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death

Boy Grandam, we can, for my good uncle
Gloster

Told me, the king, provoked to 't by the queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek,
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child

Duch Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
shapes,

And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile !

He is my son, yea, and therein my shame ;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son Think you my uncle did dissemble, grand-
dam ?

Duch Ay, boy

Son I cannot think it — Hark ! what noise is
this ?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, with her hair about her
ears, RIVERS and DORSET after her*

Q Eliz O, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy

Duch What means this scene of rude im-
patience ?

Q Eliz To make an act of tragic violence
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead
Why grow the branches when the root is gone ?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap ?
If you will live, lament, if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's,
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him

To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband !
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are cracked in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee
But death hath snatched my husband from mine arms,
And plucked two crutches from my feeble hands,—
Edward and Clarence O, what cause have I,—
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,—
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries !

Son Good aunt, you wept not for our father's
death !

How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

Daughter. Our fatherless distress we left un-
moaned,

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept !

Q Eliz Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being governed by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world !
Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward !

Chil Ah for our father, for our dear lord
Clarence !

Duch Alas for both, both mine, Edward and
Clarence !

Q Eliz What stay had I but Edward ? and he's
gone.

Chal. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch What stays had I but they? and they are gone

Q Eliz Was never widow had so dear a loss!

Chal Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

Duch Was never mother had so dear a loss!

Alas, I am the mother of these moans!

Their woes are parcelled, mine are general

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I,

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I,

I for an Edward weep, so do not they,

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distressed,

Pour all your tears? I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations

Dor Comfort, dear mother God is much displeased

That you take with unthankfulness his doing.

In common worldly things, 'tis called ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent,

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven

For it requires the royal debt it lent you

Ric Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son send straight for him,

Let him be crowned, in him your comfort lives

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and others

Glo Madam, have comfort all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star,

But none can cure their harms by wailing them —
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace —humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy
mind,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glo Amen, [*Aside*] and make me die a good
old man !—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing
I marvel that her grace did leave it out

Buck You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing
peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son
The broken rancour of your high-sworn hearts,
But lately splintered, knit, and joined together,
Must gently be preserved, cherished, and kept
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetched
Hither to London, to be crowned our king

Riv Why with some little train, my Lord of
Buckingham ?

Buck Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-healed wound of malice should break out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the state's green and yet ungoverned:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented

Glo I hope the king made peace with all of us,

And the compact is firm and true in me.

Ric. And so in me, and so, I think, in all
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged :
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I

Glo. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Lud-
low

Madam,—and you, my mother,—will you go
To give your censures in this business?

[Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster.]

Buck. My lord, & however journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home,
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talked of,
To part the queen's proud hundred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistency,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—London A Street

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour, well met :
whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself .
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Ay,—that the king is dead

2 *Cit* Ill news, by 'i lady, seldom comes the
better
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world

Enter another Citizen

3 *Cit* Neighbours, God speed !

1 *Cit* Give you good morrow, sir

3 *Cit* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's
death ?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true, God help, the while !

3 *Cit* Then, masters, look to see a troublous
world

1 *Cit* No, no, by God's good grace his son shall
reign

3 *Cit* Woe to that land that's governed by a
child !

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,
That, in his nonage, Council under him,
And in his full and ripened years himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well

1 *Cit* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crowned in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit* Stood the state so ? No, no, good friends,
God wot,
For then this land was famously enriched
With politic grave counsel, then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace

1 *Cit* Why, so hath this, both by his father and
mother

3 *Cit* Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all,
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster !

And the queen's sons and brothers haught and
proud

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace us before

1 *Cit* Come, come, we fear the worst all will
be well

3 *Cit* When clouds are seen, yet men put on
their cloaks,

When great leave fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth

All may be well, but, if God wot it so,

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect

2 *Cit* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear;
Ye cannot reason almost with a man

That looks not heavily and full of dread

3 *Cit* Before the days of change, still is it so

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust

Ensuing danger, as, by proof, we see

The waters swell before a boisterous storm

But leave it all to God—Whither away?

2 *Cit* Marry, we were sent for to the justice

3 *Cit* And so was I—I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV—London A Room in the Palace

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of
York, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of
York*

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at North-
ampton,

At Stony-Stratford will they be to night

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here

Duch I long with all my heart to see the prince

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him

Q Eliz But I hear, no, they say my son of York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth

York Ay, mother, but I would not have it so

Duch Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow

York Grandam one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talked how I did grow

More than my brother 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloster,

'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace'

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,

So long a-growing and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious

Arch Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is

Duch I hope he is, but yet let mothers doubt

York Now, by my troth, if I had been remembered,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

To touch his growth nearer than he touched mine

Duch How, my pretty York? I prithee, let me hear it

York Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest

Duch I prithee, pretty *York*, who told thee
this?

York *Grandam*, his nurse

Duch His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou
wert born

York If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told
me

Q Eliz A pailous boy —go to, you are too
shrewd

Arch Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q Eliz Pitchers have ears

Arch Here comes a messenger

Enter a Messenger

What news?

Mess Such news, my lord, as grieves me to
report.

Q Eliz How doth the prince?

Mess Well, madam, and in health.

Duch What is thy news then?

Mess Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to
Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners

Duch Who hath committed them?

Mess The mighty Dukes
Gloster and Buckingham.

Q Eliz For what offence?

Mess The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady

Q Eliz Ay me, I see the downfall of our house !
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind ,
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne —
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all

Duch Accurséd and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld !
My husband lost his life to get the crown ,
And often up and down my sons were tossed,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss
And being setted, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves , brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self O, preposterous
And frantie outrage, end thy damnéd spleen ,
Or let me die, to look on death no more !

Q Eliz Come, come, my boy, we will to
sanctuary —

Madam, farewell

Duch Stay, I will go with you

Q Eliz You have no cause

Arch My gracious lady, go ,

And thither bear your treasure and your goods
For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep , and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours !
Come, I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I—London A Street

*The trumpets sound Enter the young Prince, the
Dukes of GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal
BOURCHIER, CATESBY, and others*

Buck Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to
your chamber

Glo Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign

The weary way hath made you melancholy

Prince No, uncle, but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy
I want more uncles here to welcome me

Glo Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your
years

Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit,
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart
Those uncles which you want were dangerous,
Your grace attended to their sugared words,
But looked not on the poison of their hearts
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince God keep me from false friends! but
they were none

Glo My lord, the mayor of London comes to
greet you

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

May God bless your grace with health and
happy days!

Prince I thank you, good my lord,—and thank you all

I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Buck And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord

Enter Lord Hastings

Prince Welcome, my lord what, will our mother come?

Hast On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld

Buck Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce

Card My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Expect him here, but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin

Buck You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too cremonous and traditional
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place
This prince hath neither claimed it nor deserved it,
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children ne'er till now

Card My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for
once

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast I go, my lord

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you
may. [*Exeunt Cardinal and HASTINGS*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower
Then where you please and shall be thought most
fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince I do not like the Tower, of any place
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that
place,

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified

Prince Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince But say, my lord, it were not registered,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,

As 'twere retailed to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do
ne'er live long

Prince What say you, uncle?

Glo I say, without characters fame lives long
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralise two meanings in one word

Prince That Julius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life —
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buck What, my gracious lord?

Prince An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king

Glo [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a
forward spring

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke
of York.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal

Prince Richard of York! how fares our loving
brother?

York Well, my dread lord, so must I call you
now.

Prince Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty

Glo How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle ' O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth

The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo He hath, my lord

York And therefore is he idle?

Glo O, my fair cousin, I must not say so

York Then is he more beholding to you than I.

Glo He may command me as my sovereign,

But you have power in me as in a kinsman

York I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart

Prince A beggar, brother?

York Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

Being but a toy, which is no grief to give

Glo A greater gift than that I'll give my
cousin

York A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

Glo Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough

York O, then, I see, you'll part but with light
gifts,

In weightier things you'll see a beggar may.

Glo It is too heavy for your grace to wear

York I weigh it lightly, were it heavier

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little
lord?

York I would, that I might thank you as you
call me.

Glo How?

York Little

Prince My Lord of York will still be cross in
talk

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York You mean, to bear me, not to bear with
me

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders

Buck [*Aside to HASTINGS*] With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself
So cunning and so young is wonderful

Glo. My lord, will 't please you pass along!
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you

York What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince My lord protector needs will have it so

York I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower

Glo Why, what should you fear?

York Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost
My grandam told me he was murdered there

Prince I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince An if they live, I hope I need not fear,
But come, my lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower

[*A. Sennet* *Exeunt all but GLOSTER, BUCK-
INGHAM, and CATESBY*

Buck Think you, my lord, this little prating
York

Was not incenséd by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo No doubt, no doubt O, 'tis a parlous boy:
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck Well, let them rest—Come hither,
Catesby.

Thou 'rt sworn as deep to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way ;
What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cate He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him

Buck What think'st thou, then, of Stanley ? will
not he ?

Cate He will do all in all as Hastings doth

Buck Well, then, no more but this go, gentle
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ,
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons .

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too , and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed

Glo Commend me to Lord William tell him,
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle ,
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
soundly.

Cate My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate You shall, my lord.

Glo At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both. *[Exit Catesby]*

Buck Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo Chop off his head, man—somewhat we will do—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me

The earldom of Hereford, and the movables

Whereof the king my brother stood possessed.

Buck I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands

Glo And look to have it yielded with all kindness

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form

[Exeunt]

SCENE II Before Lord HASTINGS' House.

Enter a Messenger

Mess My lord! my lord!

Hast *[Within]* Who knocks?

Mess One from the Lord Stanley

Hast What is't o'clock?

Mess Upon the stroke of four

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mess So it appears by that I have to say
First, he commends him to your noble self

Hast What then?

Mess Then certifies your lordship that this
night

He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm
Besides he says there are two councils held,
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the
other

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's
pleasure,—

If presently you will take horse with him
And with all speed post with him towards the
north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines

Hast Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord,

Bid him not fear the separated councils

His honour and myself are at the one,

And at the other is my good friend Catesby,

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us

Whereof I shall not have intelligence

Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance

And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers

To fly the boar before the boar pursues

Were to incense the boar to follow us

And make pursuit where he did mean no
chase

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly

Mess I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you
say

[Exit

Enter CATESBY

Cate Many good morrows to my noble lord !

Hast Good morrow, Catesby, you are early stirring

What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

Cate It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord,
And I believe 'twill never stand upright

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm

Hast How ! wear the gailand ! dost thou mean the crown ?

Cate Ay my good lord

Hast I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders

Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

Cate Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward

Upon his party for the gain thereof

And thereupon he sends you this good news,—

That this same very day your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret

Hast Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,

Because they have been still my adversaries

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows I will not do it, to the death

Cate God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

Hast But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,

That they who brought me in my master's hate

I live to look upon their tragedy

I tell thee, Catesby,—

Cate What, my lord?

Hast Ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

Cate 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it

Hast O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls
it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham

Cate The princes both make high account of
you,—

[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge

Hast I know they do, and I have well de-
served it

Enter LORD STANLEY

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man!
Fear you the boar and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow,—good morrow,
Catesby—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I

Hast My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours,
And never in my life I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan The lords at Pomfret, when they rode
from London,

Were jocund, and supposed their state were sure,—
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust.

But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward —

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast Come, come, have with you Wot you
what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded

Stan They, for their truth, might better wear
their heads

Than some that have accused them wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let us away

Enter a Pursuant

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good
fellow [*Exeunt* STANLEY and CATESBY

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now
Than when I met thee last where now we meet

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies,

But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—

This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than e'er I was

Purs God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast Gramercy, fellow there, drink that for me.

[*Throws him his purse*

Purs God save your lordship! [*Exit*

Enter a Priest

Priest Well met, my lord, I am glad to see
your honour.

Hast I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my
heart

I'm in your debt for your last exercise,
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
[*He whispers in his ear*]

Enter BUCKINGHAM

Buck What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest,
Your honour hath no shiving work in hand

Hast Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of came into my mind.—
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck I do, my lord, but long I cannot stay
there

I shall return before your lordship thence

Hast 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou
know'st it not —

Come, will you go?

Hast I'll wait upon your lordship [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—Pomfret Castle.

Enter Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF, with halberds, carrying RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN to death.

Riv Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty

Grey God keep the prince from all the pack of
you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaug You live that shall cry woe for this
hereafter

Rat Dispatch, the limit of your lives is out

Riv O Pomfiet, Pomfiet! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second here was hacked to death,

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink

Grey Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our
heads,

For standing by when Richard stabbed her son

Riv Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she
Buckingham,

Then cursed she Richard O, remember, God,

To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister and her princely sons,

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat Make haste, the hour of death is expiate

Riv Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us all
embrace

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV —London. A Room in the Tower

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of Ely*, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *with others*, at a table.

Hast My lords, at once the cause why we are
met

Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak —when is the royal day?

Buck Are all things fitting for that royal time?

Stan It is, and wants but nomination

Ely To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day

Buck Who knows the lord protector's mind
herein?

Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely Your grace, we think, should soonest know
his mind

Buck We know each other's faces, for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours,
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love

Hast I thank his grace, I know he loves me well,
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he delivered
His gracious pleasure any way therein.
But you, my noble lords, may name the time,
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part

Ely In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Enter GLOSTER

Glo My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper, but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king

Glo Than my Lord Hastings no man might be
bolder,
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there

I do beseech you send for some of them

Ely Many, and will, my lord, with all my heart
[*Exit*

Glo Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you
[*Drawing him aside*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

As he will lose his head ere give consent

His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne

Buck Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow
you

[*Exit GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM following*

Stan We have not yet set down this day of
triumph

To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden,

For I myself am not so well provided

As else I would be were the day prolonged

Re-enter Bishop of ELY

Ely Where is my lord the Duke of Gloster?

I have sent for these strawberries

Hast His grace looks cheerfully and smooth
to-day,

There's some conceit or other likes him well

When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit

I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom

That can less hide his love or hate than he,

For by his face straight shall you know his heart

Stan What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he showed to-day?

Hast Marry, that with no man here he is
offended,

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM

Glo I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevailed
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be
I say my lord, they have deserved death

Glo Then be your eyes the witness of this ill.
See how I am bewitched! behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, withered up
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me

Hast If they have done this thing, my gracious
lord,—

Glo If I thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Tellest thou me of 'tis'? Thou art a traitor
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratchiff, look that it be done
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratchiff, and Lovel.*]

Hast Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm,
But I disdained it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he looked upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house
O, now I want the priest that spake to me
I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,
And I myself secure in grace and favour
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head !

Rat. Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner

Make a short shift, he longs to see your head

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hopes in an of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep

Lor. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to ex-
cuse

Hast. O bloody Richard ! miserable England !
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath looked upon
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V —The Tower-walls

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour,
marvellous ill-favoured*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change
thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror ?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian ;

Speak and look back, and pry on every side
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
 Intending deep suspicion ghastly looks
 Are at my service, like enforced smiles,
 And both are ready in their offices,
 At any time, to grice my stratagems.
 But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo He is, and, see, he brings the mayor along

Buck Let me alone to entertain him

Enter the Mayor and Catesby.

Lord Mayor,—

Glo Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck Hark! a drum

Glo Catesby, o'erlook the walls

Buck Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for
 you—

Glo Look back, defend thee,—here no enemies

Buck God and our innocence defend and guard
 us!

Glo Be patient they are friends,—Ratcliff and
 Lovel

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.

Lov Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
 The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings

Glo So dear I loved the man, that I must weep
 I took him for the plainest harmless creature
 That breathed upon this earth a Christian,
 Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
 The history of all her secret thoughts
 So smooth he daubed his vice with show of virtue,
 That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
 I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—

He lived from all attainder of suspect

Buck Well, well, he was the covert'st sheltered
traitor

That ever lived

Would you imagine, or almost believe,—

Were 't not that, by great preservation,

We live to tell it you,—the subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council-house

To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster?

May What, had he so?

Glo What, think you we are Turks or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England and our persons' safety,

Enforced us to this execution?

May Now, fair befall you! he deserved his
death,

And you, my good lords, both have well proceeded,

To warn false traitors from the like attempts

I never looked for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with Mistress Shore

Glo Yet had not we determined he should die

Until your lordship came to see his end,

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,

Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented

Because, my lord, we would have had you hear

The traitor speak, and timorously confess

The manner and the purpose of his treason,

That you might well have signified the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may

Misconstrue us in him and wail his death

May But, my good lord, your grace's word shall
serve.

As well as I had seen and heard him speak :
 And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
 But I'll acquaint our dutious citizens
 With all your just proceedings in this case

Glo And to that end we wished your lordship
 here,

To avoid the censures of the crying world

Buck But since you come too late of our intent,
 Yet witness what you hear we did intend
 And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell

[Exit Lord Mayor.]

Glo Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham
 The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.—
 There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
 Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.
 Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
 Only for saying he would make his son
 Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
 Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so
 Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
 And bestial appetite in change of lust,
 Which stretched to their servants, daughters, wives,
 Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
 Without controul, listed to make a prey
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child
 Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York
 My princely father then had wars in France,
 And, by just computation of the time,
 Found that the issue was not his begot,
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
 But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
 Because you know, my lord, my mother hies

Buck Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself and so, my lord, adieu

Glo If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
Castle,

Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops

Buck I go, and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords

[*Exit*

Glo Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—
[*To Cate*] Go thou to Friar Penker,—bid them
both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to give notice, that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes

[*Exit*

SCENE VI—The Same A Street

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand

Scriv This is the indictment of the good Lord
Hastings,

Which in a set hand fairly is engrossed,
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's
And mark how well the sequel hangs together —
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The precedent was full as long a-doing
And yet within these five hours Hastings lived.

Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty
 Here's a good world the while ' Why who's so
 gross,

That cannot see this palpable device?
 Yet who's so bold, but says he sees it not?
 Bad is the world, and all will come to naught,
 When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.
 [Exit.]

Scene VII.—Court of Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, at several doors

Glo How now, how now! what say the citizens?

Buck Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
 The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo Touched you the bastardy of Edward's
 children?

Buck I did, with this contract with Lady Lucy,
 And his contract by deputy in France,
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,
 And his enforcement of the city wives;
 His tyranny for trifles, his own bastardy,—
 As being got, your father then in France,
 And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
 Withal I did infer your lineaments,—
 Being the right idea of your father,
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility,
 Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
 Untouched or slightly handled, in discourse:

And when mine oratory grew toward end.
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king !'

Glo. And did they so ?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;

But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
Stared each on other. and looked deadly pale.
Which when I saw. I reprehended them ;
And asked the mayor what meant this wilful
silence :

His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urged to tell my tale again,
'Thus saith the duke. thus hath the duke inferred ,'
But nothing spake in varrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurled up their caps,
And some ten voices cried 'God save King
Richard !'

And thus I took the vantage of those few,
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I ;
'This general applause and loving shout
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard :'
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they ! would
they not speak ?

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.

Glo. Will not the mayor then and his brethren
come ?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand. intend some fear,
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit.
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord ;

True ornament to know a holy man —
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ears to our request,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal

Glo My lord, there needs no such apology
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends
But leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
above,
And all good men of this ungoverned isle.

Glo I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance

Buck You have, my lord would it might
please your grace,
At our entreaties, to amend that fault!

Glo Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptered office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemished stock
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts—
Which here we waken to our country's good—
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs,
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shouldered in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit

Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land,—
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain,
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace
Glo I cannot tell if to depart in silence
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
Best fitteth my degree or your condition
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So seasoned with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I checked my friends
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due by birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered

But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, if need were,—
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign
On him I lay what you would lay on me,—
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck My lord, this argues conscience in your
grace,

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered
You say that Edward is your brother's son.
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife,
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,—
And afterwards by substitute betrothed
To Bona, sister to the King of France
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loathed bigamy
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffered benefit of dignity,
If not to bless us and the land withal,

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal time-derived course

May Do, good, my lord; your citizens entreat
you,

Buck Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered
love.

Cate O, make them joyful, grant their lawful
suit!

Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares
on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty.—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss,

I cannot nor I will not yield to you

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,

Loth to depose the child, your brother's son,

As well we know your tenderness of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kin,

And egally indeed to all estates,—

Yet whether you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king,

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house

And in this resolution here we leave you —

Come, citizens — zounds, I'll entreat no more

Glo O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM with some of the Citizens*

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their
suit

If you deny them all the land will rue it

Glo Would you enforce me to a world of care?

Call them again. [*CATISBY goes to the Mayor, &c.,
and then exit.*] I am not made of stones,

But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and CATESBY, the Mayor, &c.,
coming forward.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load :
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
For God He knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May God bless your grace ! we see it, and will
say it.

Glo In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck Then I salute you with this kingly title :
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king !

May and Cit Amen

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be
crowned ?

Glo Even when you please, since you will have
it so

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your
grace

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo Come, let us to our holy task again.—

Farewell, good cousin,—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I — London. Before the Tower

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and Marquess of DORSET, on the other, ANNE, Duchess of GLOSTER, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young Daughter

Duch Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet.

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes
Daughter, well met.

Anne God give youi graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q Eliz As much to you, good sister! Whither
away?

Anne No farther than the Tower, and, as I
guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there

Q Eliz Kind sister, thanks we'll enter all
together

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes

Enter BRAKENBURY

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak Right well, dear madam By your pa
tience,

I may not suffer you to visit them,

The king hath straitly charged the contrary

Q Eliz The king ! who 's that ?

Brak I mean the lord protector

Q Eliz The Lord protect him from that kingly title !

Hath he set bounds between their love and me ?

I am then mother , who shall bar me from them ?

Duch I am their father's mother , I will see them

Anne Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother

Then bring me to their sights , I'll bear thy blame

And take thy office from thee, on my peril

Brak No, madam, no,—I may not leave it so
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me

[*Exit*]

Enter STANLEY

Stan Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,

And reverend looker on, of two fair queens

[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

There to be crownéd Richard's royal queen.

Q Eliz Ah, cut my lace in sunder,

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news !

Anne Despiteful tidings ! O unpleasing news !

Dor Be of good cheer —mother, how fares your grace ?

Q Eliz O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence !

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels ,

Thy mother's name is ominous to children
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell
Go, live thee, live thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel,
madam —

Take all the swift advantage of the hours,
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery !—
O my accurséd womb, the bed of death !
A cockatrice hast thou hatched to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous

Stan. Come, madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go —
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say God save the queen !

Q Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory,
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm

Anne. No ! why ?—When he that is my husband
now

Came to me, as I followed Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well washed from his
hands

Which issued from my other angel husband
And that dead saint which then I weeping fol-
lowed .

O, when, I say, I looked on Richard's face,
This was my wish, — 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accused,

For making me, so young, so old a widow !
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
As miserable by the life of thee
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !'
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words
And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath kept mine eyes from rest,
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoyed the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his tedious dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me

Q Eliz Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy complaining

Anne No more than from my soul I mourn for yours

Q Eliz Farewell, thou woful welcome of glory !

Anne Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it !

Duch [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee !

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee !

[*To Queen Eliz*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee !

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each door's set vricked with a we k of teen
Q. Rich. Stay, yet hold back with me unto the
 tower

Buck. You are not gone, the tender babes
 Whom I have with my arms about your walls,
 Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
 I have begged not an old sull'n playfellow
 For to nurse your sons, use my help well!
 So fast'st his sorrow may your stones fire well

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—London. A Room of State in the
 Palace

Enter RICHARD, *Lord of* BUCKINGHAM,
 CATHERINE, a Page, and others

R. Rich. Stand ye apart—Cousins of Breking-
 ham—

Buck. My gracious sovereign!

R. Rich. Give me thy hand [*Approacheth the
 throne*] Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated,
 But shall we wear these honours for a day?
 Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

R. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
 To try if thou be current gold indeed—
 Young Edward lives—think now what I would
 speak

Buck. Say on, my loving lord

R. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be
 king

Buck Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

K Rich Ha! am I king? 't is so —but Edward
lives

Buck True, noble prince

K Rich O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! 'True, noble
prince! —

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull

Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead,

And I would have it suddenly performed

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure

K Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
freezes

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause,
my lord,

Before I positively speak herein

I will resolve your grace immediately [Exit.

Cate [Aside to a stander-by] The king is angry:
see, he bites the lip

K Rich I will converse with iron-witted fools

[Descends from his throne.

And unrespective boys none are for me

That look into me with considerate eyes

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect —
Boy! —

Page My lord?

K Rich Know'st thou not any whom corrupting
gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind.
Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing

K Rich What is his name?

Page His name, my lord, is Tyrrel

K Rich I partly know the man go, call him
hither [Exit Page

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels

Hath he so long held out with me untired

And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so

Enter STANLEY

How now! what news with you?

Stan My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's
fled

To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas

Where he abides [Stands apart

K Rich Come hither, Catesby! Rumour it
abroad

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick,

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter,—

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him —

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out

That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die

About it, for it stands me much upon,

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me

[Exit CATESBY

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass—

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr James Tyrrel, and your most obedient
subject

K Rich Art thou, indeed?

Tyr Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K Rich Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of
mine?

Tyr Ay, my lord.

But I had rather kill two enemies

K Rich Why, there thou hast it: two deep
enemies,

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon —

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them

K Rich Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel

Go, by this token — rise, and lend thine ear.

[*Whispers*

There is no more but so — say it is done,

And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it

Tyr 'T is done, my gracious lord

K Rich Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we
sleep?

Tyr Ye shall, my lord

[*Exit*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM

Buck My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K Rich Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to
Richmond

Buck. I hear that news, my lord

K Rich Stanley, he is your wife's son —well,
look to it

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by
promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawned,
'Th' earldom of Hereford and the moveables

The which you promised I should possess

K Rich Stanley, look to your wife if she
convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it

Buck What says your highness to my just
demand?

K Rich As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,

When Richmond was a little peevish boy

A king!—perhaps,—

Buck My lord!—

K Rich How chance the prophet could not at
that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K Rich Richmond!—when last I was at Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,

And called it Rougemont at which name I started,

Because a bard of Ireland told me once

I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck My lord!—

K Rich Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me

K Rich Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck Upon the stroke of ten

K. Rich Well, let it strike

Buck Why let it strike?

K Rich Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation
I am not in the giving vein to-day

Buck Why, then resolve me whether you will
or no

K Rich Thou troublest me; I am not in the
vein [*Excunt all but BUCKINGHAM*

Buck Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [*Exit*

SCENE III — Another Room in the Palace.

Enter TYRREL

Tyr The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,—
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story
'Lo thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes:
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms.
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,

Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my
mind,
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopped,
Whilst Dighton thus told on —' We smotheréd
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed'
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king —
And here he comes

Enter King RICHARD

All health, my sovereign liege!

K Rich Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr If to have done the thing you gave in
charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done

K Rich But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr I did, my lord

K Rich And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
But where, to say the truth, I do not know

K Rich Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

[*Exit TYRREL*

The son of Clarence have I pent up close,
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage,
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer

Enter CATSBY

Cate My lord,—

K Rich Good news or bad, that thou com'st in
so bluntly ?

Cate Bad news, my lord Ely is fled to Rich-
mond,

And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welsh-
men,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth

K Rich Ely with Richmond troubles me more
near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength
Come,—I have learned that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay,

Delay leads impotent and snail paced beggary :

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !

Come, muster men my counsel is my shield,

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV —Before the Palace

Enter Queen MARGARET

Q Mar So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death
Here in these confines shily have I lurked,
To watch the waning of mine enemies
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical —
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret who comes
here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess of YORK

Q Eliz Ah, my young princes ! ah, my tender
babes !

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets !
If yet you gentle souls fly in the air
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings
And hear your mother's lamentation !

Q Mar [Aside] Hover about her, say, that
right for right

Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night

Duch So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q Mar [Aside] Plantagenet doth quit Plan-
tagenet,

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt

Q Eliz Wilt Thou, O God, fly from such gentle
lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf ?
When didst Thou sleep, when such a deed was done ?

Q Mar [Aside] When holy Harry died, and
my sweet son

Duch Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living
ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
usurped,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[Sitting down]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood !

Q Elz Ah, that thou wouldst as well afford a
grave

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat !

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but I ?

[*Sitting down by her*

Q Mar [*Coming forward*] If ancient sorrow be
most reverend,

Give mine the benefit of senjory,

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand

If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine —

I had an Edward, till a Richard killed him ,

I had a Harry, till a Richard killed him

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard killed him ,

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him

Duch I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill
him ,

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him

Q Mar Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
killed him

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death .

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood ;

That foul defacer of God's handiwork ,

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in gall'd eyes of weeping souls,—

'Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves —

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank Thee, that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan !

Duch O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes !
God witness with me, I have wept for thine

Q Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that stabbed my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,

Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss

Thy Clarence he is dead that killed my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragic play,

The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smothered in their dusky graves

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls

And send them thither —but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly conveyed away

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

Q Eliz O, thou didst prophesy the time would
come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse

That bottled spider, that foul bunch-backed toad !

Q Mar I called thee then, vain flourish of my
fortune,

I called thee then poor shadow, painted queen,
The presentation of but what I was,

The flattering index of a dueful pageant,

One heaved a-high, to be huddled down below,

A mother only mocked with two sweet babes,

A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A sign of dignity, a garish flag

To be the aim of every dangerous shot,
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene
 Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
 Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
 Who sues to thee, and cries, 'God save the queen'?
 Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
 Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow,
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name,
 For queen, a very catiff crowned with care,
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues,
 For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me,
 For one being feared of all, now fearing one,
 For one commanding all, obeyed of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheeled about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burdened yoke
 From which even here I slip my weary neck,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee
 Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mis-
 chance —

These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q Eliz O thou well skilled in curses, stay awhile,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q Mar Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day,

Compare dead happiness with living woe,
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,

And he that slew them fouler than he is
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse

Q Eliz My words are dull, O, quicken them
with thine !

Q Mar Thy woes will make them sharp, and
pierce like mine *[Exit*

Duch Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q Eliz Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Ary succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries !
Let them have scope though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied go with
me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smothered
I hear his drum.—be copious in exclams

*Enter King RICHARD, marching, with drums and
trumpets*

K Rich Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

Duch O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accurséd womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast
done !

Q Eliz Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden
crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers ?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children ?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy
brother Clarence ?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q Elz Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey?

Duch Where is kind Hastings?

K Rich A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum,
drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed strike, I say!

[*Flourish Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations

Duch Art thou my son?

K Rich Ay, I thank God, my father, and
yourself

Duch Then patiently hear my impatience

K Rich Madam, I have a touch of your
condition,

Which cannot brook the accent of reproof

Duch O, let me speak!

K Rich Do then, but I'll not hear

Duch I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K Rich And brief, good mother, for I am in
haste

Duch Art thou so hasty? I have stayed for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony

K Rich And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it
well,

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me,

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy,

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and
furious

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, bloody,
treacherous,

More mild, but yet more harmful,—kind in hatred
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?

K Rich Faith, none, but Humphrey Houi, that
called your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam
Strike up the drum

Duch I prithee, hear me speak.

K Rich You speak too bitterly

Duch Hear me a word,
For I shall never speak to thee again

K Rich So

Duch Either thou 'lt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse,
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st
My prayers on the adverse party fight,
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory,
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end,
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend

[Exit

Q Eliz Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse

Abides in me, I say amen to all

[Going.

K Rich Stay, madam, I must speak a word
with you

Q Eliz I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens,
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K Rich You have a daughter called Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious

Q Eliz And must she die for this? O let her
live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy
So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter

K Rich Wrong not her birth, she is of royal
blood

Q Eliz To save her life, I'll say she is not so

K Rich Her life is safest only in her birth

Q Eliz And only in that safety died her
brothers

K Rich Lo, at their births good stars were
opposite

Q Eliz No, to their lives bad friends were
contrary

K Rich All unavoided is the doom of destiny

Q Eliz True, when avoided grace makes destiny—
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had blessed thee with a fairer life

K Rich You speak as if that I had slain my
cousins

Q Eliz Cousins, indeed, and by their uncle
cozened

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanced then tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes,
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom

K Rich Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours were by me wronged !

Q Eliz What good is covered with the face of
heaven,
To be discovered, that can do me good ?

K Rich The advancement of your children,
gentle lady

Q Eliz Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
heads ?

K Rich No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory

Q Eliz Flatter my sorrows with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

K Rich Even all I have, yea, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee

Q. Eliz Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date

K Rich Then know, that from my soul I love
thy daughter

Q Eliz My daughter's mother thinks it with
her soul

K Rich What do you think?

Q Eliz That thou dost love my daughter from
thy soul

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers,
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it

K Rich Be not so hasty to confound my mean-
ing

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England

Q Eliz Say then, who dost thou mean shall be
her king?

K Rich Even he that makes her queen, who
else should be?

Q Eliz What, thou?

K Rich Even I—what think you of it, madam?

Q Eliz How caust thou woo her?

K Rich That would I learn of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour

Q Eliz And wilt thou learn of me?

K Rich Madam, with all my heart

Q Eliz Send to her, by the man that slew her
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts, thereon engraven

'Edward and York,' then haply will she weep

Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret

Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood,—

A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain

The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,

And bid her dry her weeping eyes withal

If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble deeds,
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne
K. Rich. You moel me, madam, this is not the
way

To win your daughter

Q. Eliz. There's no other way,
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but
hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
amended

Men shall do it unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after noons give leisure to repent
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter
If I have killed the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother,
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you had like sorrow
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
 Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
 This fair alliance quickly shall call home
 To high promotions and great dignity
 The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother,
 Again shall you be mother to a king,
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repaired with double riches of content
 What! we have many goodly days to see
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
 Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl,
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness
 Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go,
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience,
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale,
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sovereignty, acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed,
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar

Q Elizabeth What were I best to say? her father's
 brother

Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
 Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the law, my honour and her love,

Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K Rich Infer fair England's peace by this
alliance

Q Eliz Which she shall purchase with still
lasting war

K Rich Tell her the king, that may command,
entreats

Q Eliz That at her hands which the king's King
forbids

K Rich Say, she shall be a high and mighty
queen

Q Eliz To wail the title, as her mother doth

K Rich Say, I will love her everlastingly

Q Eliz But how long shall that title 'ever'
last?

K Rich Sweetly in force unto her full life's end

Q Eliz But how long fairly shall her sweet life
last?

K Rich So long as heaven and nature lengthen
it

Q Eliz So long as hell and Richard like of it

K Rich Say I, her sovereign, am her subject
love

Q Eliz But she, your subject, loathes such
sovereignty

K Rich Be eloquent in my behalf to her

Q Eliz An honest tale speeds best being plainly
told

K Rich Then in plain terms tell her my loving
tale

Q Eliz Plain and not honest is too harsh a
style

K Rich Your reasons are too shallow and too
quick.

Q Eliz O no, my reasons are too deep and
dead,

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave

K Rich Harp not on that string, madam, that
is past

Q Eliz Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings
break

K Rich Now, by my George, my garter, and
my crown,—

Q Eliz Profaned, dishonoured, and the third
usurped

K Rich I swear—

Q Eliz By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour,
The garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue,
The crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not
wronged

K Rich Now, by the world—

Q Eliz 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.

K Rich My father's death—

Q Eliz Thy life hath that dishonoured

K Rich Then, by myself—

Q Eliz Thyself is self misused

K Rich Why then, by God—

Q Eliz God's wrong is most of all
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, too tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The time to come

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time
o'erpast,

For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wronged by thee
The children live, whose parents thou hast
slaughtered,
Ungoverned youth, to wail it in their age,
The parents live, whose children thou hast
butchered,

Old withered plants to wail it with their age
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile aims! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine,
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay
It cannot be avoided but by this,
It will not be avoided but by this
Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so—
Be the attorney of my love to her
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q Eliz Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K Rich Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q Eliz Shall I forget myself to be myself ?

K Rich Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong
 yourself

Q Eliz But thou didst kill my children

K Rich But in your daughter's womb I'll
 bury them

Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture

Q Eliz Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K Rich And be a happy mother by the deed

Q Eliz I go — Write to me very shortly,
 And you shall understand from me her mind

K Rich Bear her my true love's kiss, and so
 farewell

[*Exit Queen ELIZABETH*
 Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

Enter RATCLIFF, CATESBY following

How now ! what news ?

Rat My gracious sovereign, on the western
 coast

Rideth a puissant navy, to the shore
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
 Unarmed, and unresolved to beat them back
 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral,
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore

K Rich Some night-foot friend post to the Duke
 of Norfolk —

Ratcliff, thyself, — or *Catesby* ; where is he ?

White-livered runagate, what doth he there?

Stan I know not, mighty sovereign, but by
guess

K Rich Well, as you guess?

Stan Stirred up by Doiset, Buckingham, and
Ely,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown

K Rich Is the chair empty? is the sword un-
swayed?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossessed?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess

K Rich Unless for that he comes to be your
liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear

Stan. No, mighty liege, therefore mistrust me
not.

K Rich Where is thy power, then, to beat him
back?

Where are thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the
north

K Rich Cold friends to Richard, what do they
in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the
west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty
king

Please it your majesty to give me leave,

Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
 Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered.
 And he himself wandered away alone,
 No man knows whither

K. Rich O, I give thee mercy.
 There is my purse to cure that blow of thine
 Hath any well advised friend proclaimed
 Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Third Mess Such proclamation hath been made,
 my liege.

Enter a fourth Messenger

Fourth Mess Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord
 Marquis Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms
 Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
 The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest
 Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
 Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
 If they were his assistants, yea or no;
 Who answered him they came from Buckingham
 Upon his party he, mistrusting them,
 Hoist sail and made away for Brittany

K. Rich March on, march on, since we are up
 in arms,
 If not to fight with foreign enemies,
 Yet to beat down these rebels here at home

Re-enter CATLBY

Cate My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is
 taken,—

That is the best news that the Earl of Richmond
 Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
 Is colder tidings yet they must be told

K Rich Away towards Salisbury! while we
reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost —
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the best march on with me
[*Flourish* *Exeunt*

SCENE V — LORD DERBY'S HOUSE.

Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from
me —

That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is franked up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head,
The fear of that withholds my present aid
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris At Pembroke, or at Ha'ford-west in
Wales

Stan What men of name resort to him?

Chris Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot and Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many more of noble fame and worth
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal

Stan Return unto thy lord, commend me to him:
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter
These letters will resolve him of my mind

[*Giving letters.*

Farewell.

[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I —Salisbury An open place

*Enter the Sheriff, and BUCKINGHAM, with halberds,
led to execution**Buck* Will not King Richard let me speak
with him?*Sher* No, my good lord, therefore be patient*Buck* Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers,
Grey,*Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,—
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?**Sher* It is, my lord*Buck* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's
doomsday *death**This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wished might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies,
This is the day wherein I wished to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most,
This, this All Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs
That high All-Seer that I dalted with
Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head
And given in earnest what I begged in jest
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms.*

Now Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with
sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess'—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II —The Camp near Tamworth

*Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir
WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces,
marching*

Richm Fellows in arms, and my most loving
friends,

Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment,
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
trough

In your embowelled bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends.
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war

Oxf Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against this guilty homicide

Herb I doubt not but his friends will turn to us

Blunt He hath no friends but what are friends
for fen,

Which in his dearest need will shrink from him

Richm All for our vantage Then, in God's
name, march.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — Bosworth Field

*Enter King RICHARD, and Forces, the Duke of
NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and others*

K Rich Here pitch our tents, even here in
Bosworth field —

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur My heart is ten times lighter than my looks

K Rich My Lord of Norfolk, —

Nor Here, most gracious liege

K Rich Norfolk, we must have knocks, ha!
must we not?

Nor We must both give and take, my loving
lord.

K Rich Up with my tent! [*Soldiers begin to set
up the King's tent*] Here will I lie to-night,

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor Six or seven thousand is their utmost
power

K Rich Why, our battalia trebles that account.
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want —

Up with the tent — Come, noble gentlemen,
 Let us survey the vantage of the ground, —
 Call for some men of sound direction —
 Let's want no discipline, make no delay,
 For, lords, to morrow is a busy day [Exeunt

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir
 WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and others. Some
 of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent*

Richm The weary sun hath made a golden set,
 And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
 Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow —
 Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard —
 Give me some ink and paper in my tent
 I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
 Limit each leader to his several charge,
 And part in just proportion our small power —
 My Lord of Oxford, — you, Sir William Brandon —
 And you, Sir Walter Herbert, — stay with me —
 The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment —
 Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
 And by the second hour in the morning
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent
 Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me, —
 Where is Lord Stanley quartered, do you know?

Blunt Unless I have mista'en his colours much —
 Which well I am assured I have not done, —
 His regiment lies half a mile at least
 South from the mighty power of the king

Richm If without peril it be possible,
 Sweet Blunt, make some good men to speak with
 him,

And give him from me this most needful scioil

Blunt Upon my life, my lord I'll undertake it,

And so, God give you quiet rest to night !

Rich Good night, good Captain Blunt [*Exit
Blunt*] Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business

In to my tent, the air is raw and cold

[*They withdraw into the tent*]

*Re-enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK,
RATCLIFF, CATESBY, and others*

K Rich What is't o'clock ?

Cate It's supper-time, my lord,

It's nine o'clock

K Rich I will not sup to-night

Give me some ink and paper

What, is my beaver easier than it was ?

And all my armour laid into my tent ?

Cate It is, my liege, and all things are in readiness

K Rich Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor I go, my lord

K Rich Stir with the lack to morrow, gentle
Norfolk

Nor I warrant you, my lord [*Exit.*]

K Rich Catesby !

Cate My lord ?

K Rich Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment, bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night

[*Exit CATESBY*]

Fill me a bowl of wine — Give me a watch —

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow —

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy —

Ratcliff,—

Rat My lord?

K Rich Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord
Northumberland?

Rat Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers

K Rich So, I am satisfied — Give me a bowl of
wine

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

[*Wine brought*
Set it down Is ink and paper ready?

Rat It is, my lord.

K Rich Bid my guard watch, leave me Ratcliff,
About the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me — Leave me, I say

[*Exeunt RATCLIFF and the other Attendants*

*Enter STANLEY to RICHMOND in his tent, Lords and
others attending*

Stan Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who plays continually for Richmond's good
So much for that — The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war
I, as I may,—that which I would I cannot.—

[*To Richmond*] Be cheeiful, Richmond, for the
wrongéd souls
Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee

The Ghost of HENRY VI rises

Ghost of K II [*To Richard*] When I was mortal,
my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes
Think on the Tower and me —despair, and die !
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die !—
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou con-
queror !
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep live thou, and flourish !

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises

Ghost of C [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on
thy soul to-morrow,
I, that was washed to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death !
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword —despair, and die !—
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of
Lancaster,
The wrongéd hens of Yoik do pray for thee
Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN rise

Ghost of R [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on
thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret !—despair, and die !
Ghost of G [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and
let thy soul despair !

Ghost of V [To Richard] Think upon Vaughan,
and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance — despair, and die !

All [To Richmond] Awake, and think our
wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him ! awake, and win the day !

The Ghost of Hastings rises

Ghost of H [To Richard] Bloody and guilty,
guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days !
Think on Lord Hastings — so — despair, and die ! —
[To Richmond] Quiet untroubled soul, awake,
awake !
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise

Ghosts of the two P [To Richard] Dream on thy
cousins smothered in the Tower
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die —
[To Richmond] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace,
and wake in joy ,
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE rises

Ghost of Q A [To Richard] Richard, thy wife,
that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations .
To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword —despair, and die :
 [To Richmond] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet
 sleep ,
 Dream of success and happy victory !
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises

Ghost of B [To Richard] The first was I that
 helped thee to the crown ,
 The last was I that felt thy tyranny
 O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death
 Fainting, despair, despairing, yield thy breath !—
 [To Richmond] I died for hope ere I could lend
 thee aid
 But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed
 God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ,
 And Richard falls in height of all his pride

*The Ghosts vanish King RICHARD starts out of
 his dream*

K Rich Give me another horse,—bind up my
 wounds,—
 Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ! I did but dream —
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !—
 The lights burn blue —It is now dead midnight.
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh
 What do I fear ? Myself ? There's none else by
 Richard loves Richard , that is, I am I
 Is there a murderer here ? No,—Yes, I am
 Then fly What, from myself ? Great reason
 why,—
 Lest I revenge myself upon myself

Alack, I love myself Wherefore? for any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
 For hateful deeds committed by myself!
 I am a villain yet I lie, I am not
 Fool, of thyself speak well — fool, do not flatter
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain
 Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
 Murder, stern murder, in the dirtiest degree,
 All several sins, all used in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all, 'Guilty! guilty!'—
 I shall despair There is no creature loves me;
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me
 Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself?

Re enter RATCLIFF

Rat My lord,—

K Rich Who's there?

Rat My lord, 'tis I The early village-cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn,
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour

K Rich O Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful
 dream!

What thinkest thou,—will our friends prove all
 true?

Rat No doubt, my lord

K Rich O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—
 Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard

Rat Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows

K Rich By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Arméd in proof, and led by shallow Richmond
It is not yet near day Come, go with me,
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me [*Exeunt*

Enter the Lords to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent

Lords Good morrow, Richmond !

Richm Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here

Lords How have you slept, my lord ?

Richm The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
dreams

That ever entered in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard
murdered,

Came to my tent, and cried on victory
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream
How far into the morning is it, lords ?

Lords Upon the stroke of four

Richm Why, then 'tis time to arm and give
direction [*He advances to the troops*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side,
The prayers of holy saints and wrong'd souls,
Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our
faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against

Had rather have us win than him they follow
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide,
One raised in blood, and one in blood established,
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the means to help
him,

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chan, where he is falsely set,
One that hath ever been God's enemy
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice waide you as His soldiers,
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire,
If you do fight in safeguaid of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors,
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face,
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The leyst of you shall share his part thereof
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully,
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

[Exeunt.]

Re enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants and Forces*

K Rich What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat That he was never trained up in arms,

K Rich He said the truth and what said
Surrey then?

Rat He smiled and said 'The better for our
purpose'

K Rich He was in the right, and so indeed
it is

[*Clock striketh*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar—
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat Not I, my lord

K Rich Then he disdains to shine, for by the
book

He should have braved the east an hour ago

A black day will it be to somebody—

Ratchff,—

Rat My lord?

K Rich The sun will not be seen to-day,
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army
I would these dewy tears were from the ground
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor Arm, arm, my lord, the foe vaunts in the
field

K Rich Come, bustle, bustle,—caparison my
horse—

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be order'd
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot,
Our archers shall be plac'd in the midst

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle, that on either side
Shall be well wingéd with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st
thou, Norfolk?

Nor A good direction, warlike sovereign —
This found I on my tent this morning

[Giving a scroll

K Rich [Reads] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too
bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold'
A thing devised by the enemy
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our
law

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell.
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
[To his soldiers] What shall I say more than I
have inferred?

Remember whom you are to cope withal,—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, runaways,
A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants
Whom their o'ercloyéd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest,
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would distraín the one, distain the other
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ,
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famished beggars, weary of their lives,
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit
For want of means, poor rats, had hanged themselves
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobbed, and
thumped,

And on record, left them the heirs of shame
Shall these enjoy our lands ? he with our wives ?
Ravish our daughters ?—[*Drum afar off*] Haik !
I hear their drum —

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

Enter a Messenger

What says Lord Stanley ? will he bring his power !

Mess My lord, he doth deny to come

K Rich Off with his son George's head !

Nor My lord, the enemy is past the marsh

After the battle let George Stanley die

K Rich A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ,
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helmets. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV — Another Part of the Field

Alarum excursions Enter NORFOLK and Forces fighting, to him CATESBY

Cate Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums Enter King RICHARD

K Rich A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse

K Rich Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die
I think there be six Richmonds in the field,
Five have I slain to-day instead of him
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field

Alarum Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND, they fight RICHARD is slain Retreat and flourish Re-enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces

Richm God and your arms be praised, victorious friends,

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou
acquitt thee

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I plucked off, to grace thy brows withal

Wear it enjoy it and make much of it

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all !

But, tell me now, is young George Stanley living ?

Stan. He is my lord, and safe in Leicester town,

Whither, if it please you we may now withdraw us

Richm. What men of name are slain on either
side ?

Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord
Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter the r bodies as becomes their births

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled

That in submission will return to us .

And then, as we have taken the sacrament,

We will unite the White Rose and the Red .

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction.

That long hath frowned upon their enmity !

What traitor hears me, and says not Amen ?

England hath long been mad, and scarred hers !!

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughtered his own son,

The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided in their dire division,

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together .

And let their heirs,—God, if Thy will be so,—

Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's
peace !

Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again
That she may long live here, God say Amen !

[Exeunt]

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE GOOD KING HENRY THE SIXT

[Continued from Vol No 192.]

Alarmes Enter WARWICK

War Sore spent with toyle as runners with the race,
I lye me downe a litle while to breath,
For strokes receiue, and many blowes repaid,
Hath robd my strong knit sinnewes of their strength,
And force perforce needes must I rest my selfe

Enter EDWARD

Edw Smile gentle heuens or strike vngentle death,
That we maie die vnlesse we gaine the daie
What fatall starie malignant frownes from heauen
Vpon the harmelesse line of Yorkes true houso?

Enter GEORGE

George Come brother, come lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope enough to win the daie
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troupes,
Lest they retire now we haue left the field

War How now my lords what hap, what hope of good?

Enter RICHARD running

Rich Ah Warwike, why hast thou withdrawne thy selfe?
Thy noble father in the thickest thronges,
Cride still for Warwike his thrise valiant son,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And many wounds made in his aged brest,
And as he tottring sate vpon his steede

He waft his hand to me and eride aloud
 Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,
 And still he eride Warwike reuenge my death,
 And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
 And so the noblo Salsbury gaue vp the ghost

War Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
 He kill my horse because I will not flie
 And here to God of heauen I make a vow,
 Neuer to passo from forth this bloudy field
 Till I am full reuenged for his death

Edw Lord Warwike, I doe bend my knees with thine,
 And in that row now ioino my soule to thee,
 Thou setter vp and pullor downe of kings,
 Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
 Or let vs die before we looso the daie

George Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiers harts,
 And call them pillers that will stand to vs,
 And huiely promiso to remunerate
 Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres

Rich Come, come awaie, and stand not to debate,
 For yet is hope of fortune good enough
 Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
 And take our leaues vntill we meet againe,
 Whore ere it be in heauen or in earth
 Now I that neuer wept, now molt in wo,
 To see these dire mishaps continue so
 Warwike farewell

War Awaiie awaie, once more sweet Lords farewell

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

*Alar mes, and then enter RICHARD at one doore and CLIFFORD
 at the other*

Rich A Clifford a Clifford.

Clif A Richard a Richard.

Rich Now Clifford, for Yorke & young Rutlands death,

This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limmes, and also thy cursed hart,
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made

Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stibd thy father Yorke,
And this the hand that slow thy brother Rutland,
And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To exeuto the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

Alar mes They fight, and then enters WARWICK and rescues
RICHARD, & then exeunt omnes

Alar mes still, and then enter HERN solus

Hern Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,
This woful battaile doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side drue,
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.
O would my death might staie these euill iars!
Would I had neuer rained, nor nere bin king,
Margret and Clifford, chide me from the fieldes,
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence
Would God that I were dead so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life

Enter a souldier with a dead man in his arme

Sould Il blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to daie,
Maie be possessed of some storo of crowaes,
And I will search to find them if I can,
But stay Me thinks it is my fathers face,
Oh tis he whom I haue slaine in fight.

From London was I prest out by the king,
 My father he came on the part of York,
 And in this conflict I have slain my father.
 Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
 And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter an other soldier with a dead man

2 Soul Lie there thou that soughtst to die me stoutly,
 Now let me see what store of good thou hast,
 But since me thinks this is no famous fall,
 Oh no it is my shame that I have slain in light,
 O monstrous times begittine such events,
 How cruel bloody, and ironous,
 This deathlie quarrell death doth beget,
 Poore boy this rather game thee list too late,
 And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too soon.

King Wo above wo, grieve more then common grieve,
 Whilst Lyons waire and battaile for their deys,
 Poore limos do feele the rigor of their wraths
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatall colours of our strutting houses,
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,
 For if you strue, ten thousand lines must perish.

1 Soul How will my mother for my fathers death,
 Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

2 Sol How will my wife for slaughter of my son
 Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

King How will the people now misdecime their king,
 Oh would my death then mindes could satisfie,

1 Soul Was euer son so rude his fathers blond to spil?

2 Soul Was euer father so unnaturall his son to kill?

King Was euer king thus greoud and vexed still

1 Soul He beare thee hence from this accursed place,
 For wo is me to see my fathers face

[Exit with his father]

2 *Soul* Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that wil,
For I haue murdered where I should not kill

[Exit with his sonne]

K Hen Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for tear,
Here sits a king as woe begone as thee

Alarmes and enter the Queene

Queen. Awake my Lord to Barwicke presentlie,
The date is lost, our friends are murdered,
No hope is left for vs, therefore awake

Enter prince EDWARD

Prince Oh father sic, our men haue left the field,
Take horse sweet father let vs saue our selues

Enter EXETER

Exet Awake my Lord for vengeance comes along with
him

Nay stand not to expostulate make hast,
Or else come after, Ile awake before

K Hen Naue staid good Exeter for Ilo along with thee

Enter CLIFFORD wounded, with an arrow in his necke

Clif Here burnes my candell out,
That whilst it lasted gaue king Henry light
Ah Lancaster, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my soule
My lone and feare glude many friends to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts
Impairing Henry strengthened misproud Yorke,
The common people swarme like summer flies,
And whither flies the Gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henries enemy?
Oh Phœbus hadst thou neuer giuen consent,
That Phaeton should checke thy fierie steeds,
Thy burning carro had neuer scorcht the earth.
And Henry hadst thou lu'd as kings should doe,

And as thy father and his father did,
 Giuing no foot vnto the house of Yorke,
 I and ten thousand in this wofull land,
 Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathea,
 And thou this daie hadst kept thy throne in peree
 For what doth chorish weedes but gentle aire?
 And what makes robbers bold but lenitie?
 Bootlesse are plaintes, and curelesse are my woundes,
 No waie to flie, no strength to hold our flight,
 The foe is merciesse and will not pittie me,
 And at their hands I haue deseru'd no pittie
 The aire is got into my bleeding woundes,
 And much effuse of bloud doth make me faint.
 Como Yorke and Richard, Warwike and the rest,
 I stabde your fathors, now como split my brest

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and WARWIKE, and Souldiers

Edw Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward
 Course, and we are grast with wreathes of victorio
 Some troopes pursue the bloudie minded Queene,
 That now towards Barwike doth poste amaine,
 But thinke you that Clifford is fled awaie with them?

War No, tis impossible he should oseape,
 For though before his face I speake the words,
 Your brother Richard markt him for the graue
 And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.

[CLIFFORD grones and then dies]

Edw Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy
 leaue?

Rich A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure

Edw See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
 Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed

Rich Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis Clifford,
 Who kild our tender brother Rutland,
 And stabd our princelie father Duke of Yorke

War I rem off the gates of Yorke fetch downe the
 Head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there
 Instead of that let his supplie the room
 Measure for measure must be answered

Edic Bring forth that fatall serichowle to our house,
 That nothing sing to vs but blond and death
 Now his emill boding tongue no more shall speake

War I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft
 Say Clifford, doost thou know who speakes to thee?
 Dark cloudie death oreshades his beames of life
 And he nor sees nor heares vs what we sene

Rich Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth
 And tis his pulchre that in the time of death,
 He might auoid such bitter stormes as he
 In his houre of death did giue vnto our father

George Richard if thou thinkest so, vex him with eager
 words

Iac Clifford, aske mercie and obtaine no grace

Eau Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence

War Clifford deuise excuses for thy fault

George Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault

Rich Thou pittiedst Yorke, and I am soune to Yorke

Edic Thou pittiedst Rutland, and I will pittie thee

George Wheres captaine Margiret to send you now?

War They mocke thee Clifford, swere as thou wast
 wont

Rich What not an oth? Nay, then I know hees dead
 Tis hard, when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath
 By this I know hees dead, and by my soule,
 Would this right hand buy but an howres life,
 That I in all contemp might rule at him
 Iac cut it off and with the issuing blond,
 Stifle the villaine whose instanced thirst,
 Yorke and young Rutland could not satisfie

War I, but he is dead off with the traitors head

And reare it in the place your fathers stands
 And new to London with triumphant march
 There to be crowned Englands lawfull king
 From thence shall Warwike crosse the seas to France,
 And aske the ladie Bona for thy Queene,
 So shalt thou sinew both these landes together,
 And hauing France thy friend thou needst not dread,
 The scattered fee that hopes to rise againe
 And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet lecke to haue them busie to offend thine eares
 First He see the coronation done,
 And afterward He cross the seas to France,
 To effect this marriage if it please my Lord

Edw Euen as thou wilt good Warwike let it be
 But first before we go, George kneele downe
 We here create thee Duke of Clarence, and girt thee with
 the sword

Our younger brother Richard Duke of Glocester
 Warwike as my selfe shal de & vnde as him pleaseth best

Rich Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
 For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous

War Tush thats a childish obseruation,
 Richard be Duke of Gloster New to London
 To see these honours in possession [Exeunt Omnes

Enter two keepers with bow and arrows

Keeper Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,
 And by and by the deere will come this waie
 But staue, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while

Enter King Henrie disguise

Hen From Seotland am I stolne euen of pure leue,
 And thus disguise to greet my natue land
 No, Henrie ne, It is no land of thine,
 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
 No humble suiters sues to thee for right,

For how canst thou helpe them and not thy selfe?

Keeper I marrie sir, heere is a decie, his skinne is a
Keepers fee Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,
This is the king, king Edward hath deposde

Hen My Quene and sonne poore soules are gone to
France, and as I heare the great commanding Warwike,
To intreat a marriage with the ladie Bona,
If this be true, poor Queene and sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine,

For Lewis is a prince soone won with words,
And Warwike is a subtile Orator

He laughs and saies, his Edward is instalde,
She weepes, and saies her Henry is deposde,
He on his right hand asking a wife for Edward,
She on his left side crauing aide for Henry

Keeper What art thou that talkes of kings and quens?

Hen More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be
A man at least, and more I cannot be,
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I?

Keeper I but thou talkest as if thou wert a king thy
selfe

Hen Why so I am in mind though not in shew

Keeper And if thou be a king where is thy erowne?

Hen My crowne is in my hart, not on my head
My crowne is calde content, a crowne that
Kings doe seldome times enjoy

Keeper And if thou be a king crownd with content,
Your crowne eonter t and you, must be content
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke
You are our quondam king, K Edward hath deposde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings
To go along with vs vnto the officers

Hen Gods name be fulfild, your kings name be
Obaide, and be you kings, command and Ile obey

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

Enter king EDWARD, CLARENCE, and GLOSTER, MONTAGUE, HASTINGS, and the Lady GRAY

K Edw Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloucester,
This ladies husband heere Sir Richard Gray
At the battaile of saint Albones did lose his life,
His lands then were seized on by the conqueror
Her sute is now to repossesse those lands,
And sith in quarrel of the house of York
The noble gentleman did lose his life,
In honor we cannot denie her sute

Glo Your highnesse shall doe well to grant it then

K Edw I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause

Glo I, is the winde in that doore ?

Clarence, I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble sute

Cla He knows the game, how well he keepes the wind.

K Edw Widow come some other time to know our mind

La May it please your grice I cannot brooke delays,
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now

A Ed Lords giue vs leaue, wee meane to trie this
widowes wit

Cla I, good leaue haue you

Glo For you will haue leaue till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch

K Ed Come hither widdow, howe many children haue
thou ?

Cla I thinke he means to begge a child on her

Glo Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two

La Three my most gracious Lord

Glo You shall haue foure and you wil be rulde by him

A Ed Wer not pittie they shoulde loose their fathers
lands ?

La Be pittifull then dread L and grant it them

K Ed Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got

La. So shall you bind me to your highnesse seruice

K Ed What seruice wilt thou doe me if I grant it them?

La Euen what your highnesse shall command

Glo Naio then widow Ile warrant you all your
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he
Commands Fight close or in good faith
You catch a clap

Gla Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall

Glo Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage then

La Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?

K Ed An easie taske, tis but to loue a king

La Thats soono performde, because I am a subieet

K Ed Why then thy husbandes landes I freele gree
thee

La I take my leauo with manie thousand thankes

Gla The match is made, shee serles it with a cursie

K Ed Staio widdow staie, what loue dost thou thinke I
sue so much to get?

La My humblo seruice, such as subieets owes and the
lawes commands

K Ed No by my troth, I meant no such loue,
But to tell thee tho troth, I aime to lie with thee

La To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in
prison

K Edw Why then thou canst not get thy husbandes
lands

La Then mine honestie shall be my dower,
For by that losse I will not purchase them

K Ed Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie

La Herein your highnesse wrongs both them and
Me, but mightie Lord this merrie inclination
Agroes not with the sadnesse of my sute
Please it your highnes to dismisse me either with I or no

K Ed I, if thou saie I to my request,

No, if thou saie no to my demand

La Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end

Glo The widdow likes him not, shee bends the brow.

Cla Why he is the bluntest woer in christendome

K Ed Her lookes are all repleit with maiestie,

One waie or other she is for a king,

And she shall be my loue or else my Queene

Sue that king Edward tooke thee for his Queene

La Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord,

I am a subiect fit to rest withall,

But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne

K Edu Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake

No more then what my hart intends,

And that is to enioie thee for my loue

La And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,

I know I am too bad to be your Queene,

And yet too good to be your Concubine

K Edu You canull widdow, I did meane my Queene

La Your grace would belorth my sonnes should call you
father

K Edu No more then when my daughters call thee

Mother Thou art a widow and thou hast some children,

And by Gods mother I being but a bachelor

Haue other some Why tis a happy thing

To be the father of manie children

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene

Glo The ghostly father now hath done his shrift

Cla When he was made a shriner twas for shift

K Edu Brothers, you muse what talko the widdow

And I haue had, you would thinke it strange

If I should marrie her

Cla Marrie her my Lord, to whom?

K Edu Why Clarence to my selfe

Glo That would be ten daies wonder at the least

Cla Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lastes

Glo And so much more are the wonders in extreames
K Edw Well, least on brothers, I can tell you, his
 sute is granted for her husbands lands

Enter a Messenger

Me And it please your grace, Henry your foe is
 Taken, and brought vs prisoner to your pallace gates

K Edw Awaie with him, and send him to the Tower,
 And let vs go question with the man about
 His apprehension Lords along, and vse this
 Ladie honorable

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

Manet Gloster and speaks

Glo I, Edward will vse women honourable,
 Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,
 That from his loines no issue might succeed
 To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,
 For I am not yett lookt on in the world
 First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry
 And his sonne, and all they lookt for issue
 Of their loines ere I can plant my selfe,
 A cold premeditation for my purpose,
 What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
 I will go clad my bodie in gaye ornaments,
 And lull my selfe within a ladies lap,
 And witch sweet Ladies with my words and looks
 Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
 Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe
 And for I should not deale in his affaires,
 Shee did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,
 And plasto an enuious mountaine on my backe,
 Where sits deformity to mocke my bodie,
 To drie mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe
 To make my legges of an vnequall size,
 And am I then a man to be belou'd?
 Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.

Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,
 I erie content, to that that greoues me most
 I can adde colours to the Camelion,
 And for a need change shapes with Protheus,
 And set the aspiring Catalin to schoole
 Can I doe this, and cannot get the crowne?
 Tush were it ten times higher, Ile put it downe [Exit

*Enter king LEWIS and the ladie BONA, and Queene MARGARET,
 Prince EDWARD, and Orlond and others*

Lewes Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of France,
 It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand,
 Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,
 Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,
 And beat proud Edward from his vsurped seat
 And place king Henry in his former rule

Queene I humbly thanke your royall maiestie.
 And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,
 Great king of France, that thus regards our wrongs

Enter Warwike

Lew How now, who is this?

Queen Our Earle of Warwike Edwardes chiefest friend

Lew Welcome braue Warwike, what brings thee to
 France?

War From worthy Edward king of England,
 My Lord and Soueraigne and thy vowed friend,
 I come in kindnes and vnfeined loue,
 First to do greetings to thy royall person,
 And then to craue a league of amitie,
 And lastly to confirme that amitie
 With nuptiall knot if thou vouchsafe to grant
 That vertuous ladie Bona thy faire sister,
 To Englands king in lawfull marriage

Queen And if this go forward all our hope is done.

War. And gracious Madam, in our kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humble to kisse your hand and with my tongue,
To tell the passions of my soueraines hart,
Where same late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plast thy glorious image and thy vertues

Queen King Lewes and Lady Bona heare me speake,
Before you answer Warwike or his words,
For hee it is hath dono vs all these wrongs

War Inurious Margaret

Prince Ed And why not Queene?

War Because thy father Henry did vsurpe,
And thou no more art Prince than shee is Queene

Ox Then Warwike disanuls great Iohn of Gaunt
That did subdue the greatest part of Spaine,
And after Iohn of Gaunt wise Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirrour to the world
And after this wise prince Henry the fift,
Who with his prowesse conquered all France,
From these our Henries lineallie discent

War Oxford, how haps that in this smooth discourse
You told not how Henry the sixt had lost
All that Henry the fift had gotten
Me thinkes these peores of France should smile at that,
But for the rest you tell a pettigree
Of threescore and two yeares a sillie time,
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.

Oxf Why Warwike, canst thou denie thy king,
Whom thou obeyodst thirtie and eight yeeres,
And bewray thy treasons with a blush?

War Can Oxford that did ouer fence the right,
Now bucklor falshood with a pettigree?
For shame leaue Henry and call Edward king

Oxf Call him my king by whom mine eldor
Brother the Lord Awbray Vere was done to death

And more than so, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the dore of death?
No Warwike no, whilst life vpholds this arme
This arme vpholds the house of Lancaster.

War And I the house of Yorke

K Lewes Queene Margaret, prince Edward and
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbear a while,
Till I doe talke a word with Warwike
Now Warwike euen vpon thy honor tell me true,
Is Edward lawfull king or no?

For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawful heir

War Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credit

Lew What is he gracious in the peoples eyes?

War The more, that Henry is vnfortunate

Lew What is his loue to our sister Bona?

War Such it seemes

As maie beseeme a monarke like himselve
My selfe haue often heard him saie and sweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The root whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaves and fruite maintainde with beauties sun,
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,
Vnlesse the ladie Bona quite his paine

Lew Then sister let vs heare your firme resolute

Bona Your grant or your denial shall be mine,
But ere this daie I must confesse, when I
Haue heard your kings deserts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire

Lew Then draw neere Queene Margaret and be a
Witnesse, that Bona shall be wife to the English king

Prince Edw To Edward, but not the English king

War Henry now lues in Scotland at his ease,
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,
And as for you your selfe our *quondam* Queene,

You haue a father able to maintaine your stato,
And better twere to trouble him then France

Sound for a post within

Lew Here comes some post Warwike to thee or vs
Post My Lord ambassador this letter is for you,
Sent from your brother Marquis Montague
This from our king vnto your Maiestie
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not

Oxf I like it well that our faire Queene and mistresse,
Smiles at her newes when Warwike frets as his

P Ed And marke howe Lewes stamps as he were nettled.

Lew Now Margaret & Warwike, what are your news?

Queen Mine such as fills my hart full of ioie

War Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent

Lew What hath your king married the Ladie Gray,
And now to excuse himselfe sends vs a post of papers?
How dares he presume to vse vs thus?

Quee This proueth Edwards loue, & Warwiks honestv

War King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenlie blisse,
That I am cleare from this misdeed of Edwards
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame
Did I forget that by the house of Yorke,
My father came vntimelie to his death?
Did I let passe the abuse done to thy neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
And thrust king Henry from his natue home,
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?
My gracious Queene pardon what is past,
And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,
I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie Bona,
And replant Henry in his former stato

Queen Yes Warwike I doe quite forget thy forme!

Faults, if now thou wilt become king Henries friend.

War So much his friend, I his vnfaigned friend,
That if king Lewes vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bands of chosen souldiers,
He vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seat by warre,
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him

Lew Then at the last I firme lie am resolu'd,
You shall haue aide and English messenger returne
In post, and tell false Edward thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him and his new bride

Bona Tell him in hope heele be a Widower shortly,
He weare the willow garland for his sake

Queen Tell him my mourning weedes be laide aside,
And I am readie to put armour on

War Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore He vncrowne him er't be long
Thears thy reward, begone

Lew But now tell me Warwike, what assurances
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?

War Thus shall assure my const int loyaltie,
If that our Queene and this young prince agree,
He giue mine eldest daughter and my iour
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes bandes

Queen Withall my hart, that match I like ful wel,
Loue her sonne Edward, shee is faire and yong,
And giue thy hand to Warwike for thy loue

Lew It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leue souldiors for to go with you
And you Lord Bourbon our high Admirall,
Shall waite them safelie to the English coast,
And chase proud Edward from his slumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of France

War I came from Edward as Imbrissidour

But I returne his sworne and mortall foe
 Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
 But dreadful warre shall answere his demand
 Had he none else to make a stale but me?
 Then none but I shall turn his iest to sorrow
 I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,
 And Ile be chiefe to bring him down againe,
 Not that I pittie Henries miserie,
 But seeke reuenge on Edwards mockerie

[Exit

*Enter king EDWARD, the Queene and CLARENCE, and GLOSTER,
 and MONTAGUE, and HASTINGS, and PENBROOKE, with
 souldiers*

Edw Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,
 What thinke you of our marriage with the ladie Gray?

Cla My Lord, we thinke as Warwike and Leves
 That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile take
 No offence at this suddaine marriage

Edw Suppose they doe, they are but Leves and
 Warwike, and I am your king and Warwikes,
 And will be obaid.

Glo And shall, because our king, but yet such
 Sudden marriages seldome proueth well

Edw Yea brother Richard are you against vs too?

Glo Not I my Lord, no, God forefend that I should
 Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure,
 I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that y oake so wel together

Edw Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,
 Shew me some reasons why the Ladie Gray,
 Maie not be my loue and Englands Queene?
 Speake freshe Clarence, Gloster,
 Montague and Hastings

Cla My Lord then this is my opinion,
 That Warwike beeing dishonored in his embassage,
 Doth seeke reuenge to quite his iniuries

Glo And Lervés in regard of his sisters wrongs,
Doth ioiné with Warwike to supplant your state

Edw Suppose that Lewis and Warwike be appeas'd,
By such meanes as I can best deuise

Mont But yet to haue ioin'd with France in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our
Common wealth, gunst forraigne stormes,
Then anie home bred marriage

Hast Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not France nor any alliance with them

Clá For this one speech the Lord Hastings wol deserues,
To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord Hungerford

Edw And what then? It was our will it should be
so?

Clá I, and for such a thing too the Lord Seales
Did woll deserue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left your
Brothers to go seeke elsewhere, but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood

Edw Alasse poore Clarence, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content,
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one

Clá Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,
That you shall giue me leaue to make my
Chouse as I thinke good, and to that intent,
I shortly meane to leaue you

Edw Leaue me or tarrío I am full resolu'd
Edward will not be tied to his brothers wils

Queen My Loids doo me but right, and you must
Confesse, before it pleas'd his highnesse to aduance
My state to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth

Edw Forbeare my loue to sawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obay, naie shall obaie,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

Mont My Lord, heere is the messenger returnd from
France

Enter a Messenger

Ed Now sirra, What letters or what newes?

Mes No letters my Lord, and such newes, as without
your highnesse speciall pardon I dare not relate

Edw. We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst
Tell me, What said Lewis to our letters?

Mes At my departure these were his verie words
Go tell false Edward thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuill it with him and his new bride

Edw Is Lewis so braue, belike he thinkes me Henry
But what said Lady Bona to these wrongs?

Mes Tel him quoth she, in hope heele proue a widower
shortly, He weare the willow garland for his sake

Edw She had the wrong, indeed she could saie
LITTLE lesse But what saide Henries Queene, for as
I heare, she was then in place?

Mes Tell him quoth shee my mourning weeds be
Doone, and I am readie to put armour on

Edw Then belike she meanes to plaie the Amazon
But what said Warwike to these iniuries?

Mes He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore He vncrowne him er't be long

Ed Ha, Durst the traytor breath out such proude words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst
But what is Warwike friendes with Margaret?

Mes I my good Lord, theare so linkt in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwikes daughter.

Gla The elder, belike Clarence shall haue the
Yonger All you that loue me and Warwike
Follow me

[*Exit CLARENCE and SUMMERSET*

Edw Clarence and Somerset fled to Warwick
What say you brother Richard, will you stand to us?

Glo I my Lord, in despite of all that shall
Withstand you For why hath Nature
Made me halt downe right, but that I
Should be valiant and stand to it for if
I would, I cannot runne awaie

Edw Penbrooke go raise an armie presentlie,
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,
He meane to meet yron Warwick ere he land
Those striding troopes which he hath got in France
But ere I got Montague and Hastings,
You of all the rest are not rest allied
In blow to Warwick, therefore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me or not
Speake truehe, for I had rather haue you open
Enemies, then hollow friends

Monta So God helpe Montague as he proues true.

Hast And Hastings as hee fauours Edwards cause

Edw It shall suffice, come then lets march awaie

[*Exeunt Ornes*]

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with souldiers

War Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,
But see where Somerset and Clarence comes,
Speake suddenho my Lords, are we all friends?

Cl Feare not that my Lord

War Then gentle Clarence welcome vnto Warwick.
And welcome Somerset, I hold it cowardise,
To rest mistrustfull where a noble hart,
Hath pawnde an open hand in signe of loue,
Else might I thinke that Clarence, Edwards brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,

But welcome sweet Clarence my daughter shall be thine
 And now what rests but in nights coverture,
 Thy brother being careless & exempt,
 His souldiers lurking in the towne about,
 And but attended by a simple garde,
 We maie surprize and take him at our pleasure,
 Our skouts have found the adventure verie easie,
 Then ere king Henry with resolved minde-
 And breake we presentlie into his tent.

Cl Why then lets on our way in silent sort,
 For Warwike and his friends God and saint George

War This is his tent, and see where his guard doth
 Stand Courage my souldiers, now or never,
 But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours

All A Warwike, a Warwike

Alarmer, and GLOSTER and HASTINGS flies

Oxf Who goes there?

War. Richard and Hastings let them go, heere is the
 Duke

Edw Tho Duke, why Warwike when we parted
 Last, thou caldst me king?

War I, but the case is altered now
 When you disgraste me in my embassage,
 Then I disgraste you from being king,
 And now am come to create you Duke of Yorke,
 Alasse how should you gouverne anie kingdome,
 That knowes not how to vse ambassadors,
 Nor how to vse your brothers brotherlie,
 Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enemies

Edw Well Warwike, let fortune doe her worst,
 Edward in munde will beare himselfe a king

War Then for his minde be Edward England's king
 But Henry now shall weare the English crowne
 Go conuaine him to our brother archbishop of Yorke

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF

A when I haue fought with Penbrooke & his followers,
 come and tell thee what the ladie Bona saies,
 id so for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke,

[*Exeunt some with EDWARD.*]

Glo What followes now, all hithertoo goes well,
 But we must dispatch some letters to Francoe,
 To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
 And bid hir come with speed to ioina with vs.

War. I thinke the first thing that we haue to doe
 And free king Henry from imprisonment,
 And see him seated in his regall throne,
 Come let vs haste awaie, and hauing past this cares,
 He post to Yorke, and see how Edward fares

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS and sir WILLIAM STANLY

Glo Lord Hastings, and sir William Stanly,
 Know that the cause I sent for you is this
 I looke my brother with a slender traue,
 Should come a hunting in this forrest heere.
 The Bishop of Yorke befriends him much,
 And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,
 Now I haue priuie sent him word,
 How I am come with you to rescue him,
 And see where the huntsman and he doth come

Enter EDWARD and a Huntsman

Hunts This waie my Lord the deere is gone,
Edw No this waie huntsman, see where the
 Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,
 What, are you prouided to depart?

Glo I, I, the horse stands at the parke corner,
 Come, to Linne, and so take shipping into Flanders.

Edw Come then: Hastings, and Stanlie, I wil
 Requite your loues Bishop farewell,

Sheld thee from Warwikes frowne,
 And praiſe that I muſt reſeſſe the crowne
 Now huntsman what will you doe?

Hunts Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good
 Goe with you, as farrie heere to be hangde

Edw Come then lets awaie with ſpeed.

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

Enter the Queene and the Lord Rivers

Rivers Tel me good maddam, why is your grace
 So paſſionate of late?

Queen Why brother Rivers, heere you not the newes,
 Of that ſucceſſe king Edward had of late?

Riv What loſſe of ſome pitcht battaile againſt
 Warwike,

Tuſh, feare not faire Queen but caſt thoſe cares aſide
 King Edwards noble mind his honours doth diſplay.
 And Warwike muſt loſe, though then he got the day

Queen If that were all my griefes were at an end
 But greater troubles will I feare befall

Riv What, is he taken priſoner by the foe,
 To the danger of his royal' perſon then?

Queen I, thears my griefe, king Edward is ſurpriſed,
 And led awaie, as priſoner unto Yorke

Riv The newes is paſſing ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe
 Yet comfort your ſelfe, for Edward hath more friends,
 Then Lancaſter at this time muſt perceiue,
 That ſome will ſet him in his throne againe

Queen God grint they maye, but gentle brother come,
 And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,
 Vntill I come vnto the ſanctuarie,
 There to preſerue the fruit within my wombe,
 K. Edwards ſeed true heere to Englands crowne

[*Exit*]

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, and HASTINGS with a troop
of Hollanders*

Edw Thus far from Belgia haue we past the sea
And maicht from Runnypur haueu into Yorke
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this

Rich Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals

Enter the Lord Maire of Yorke vpon the wals

Mair My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,
And shut the gates for to preserue the towne
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him

Edw Why my Lord Maire, if Henry be your king,
Edward I am sure at leist, is Duke of Yorke

Mair Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse

Edu I craue nothing but my Dukedome

Rich But when the Fox hath gotton in his heed,
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after

Hast Why my Lord Maire, what stand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king Henries friends

Mair Saie you so, then Ile open them presentlie

[Exit Maire]

Ri By my faith, a wise stout captain & soone perswaded

The Maire opens the dore, and brings the keyes in his hand

Edw So my Lord Maire, those gates must not be shut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keyes
What, feare not man for Edward will defend
the towne and you, despite of all your foes

Enter sir Iohn Mountgommery with drumme and souldiers
How now Richard, who is this?

Rich Brother, this is sir Iohn Mountgommery,
A trustie friend vnlesse I be deceiued.

Edw Welcome sir Iohn Wherefore come you in armes?

Sir John To helpe king Edward in this time of stormes,
As euery loyall subiect ought to doe

Edw Thankes braue Mountgommery,
But I onlie claime my Dukedom.
Vntil it please God to send the rest

Sir John Then fare you wel? Drum strike vp and let vs
March away, I came to serue a king and not a Duke

Edw Nay staie sir John and let vs first debate,
With what security we maie doe this thing

Sir John What stand you on debating, to be brieue,
Except you presentlv proclaime your selfe our king,
He hence againe, and keepe them backe that come to
Succour you, why should we fight when
You pretend no title?

Rich Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne

Edw I am resolute once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or else to loose my life

Sir John I now my soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be Edwards Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for Edward shall be proclaime.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of England
and France, and Lord of Ireland, and whosoeuer gainsaies
king Edwards right by this I challenge him to single fight,
long lue Edward the fourth

All Long lue Edward the fourth.

Edw We thanke you all Lord Maire leade on the
waie

For this night wee le harbour here in Yorke,
And then as earlie as the morning sunne,
Liftes vp his beames aboue this horison
Weole march to London, to meete with Warwike
And pull false Henry from the Regall throne

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

*Enter WARWICK and CLARENCE, with the Crowne, and then
King Henry and Oxford, and Summerset, and the yong
Earle of Richmond*

War Thus from the prison to this princelie seat,
By Gods great mercies am I brought
Againe, Clarence and Warwike doe you
Keepe the crowne, and gouerne and protect
My realme in peace, and I will spend the
Remnant of my daies, to sinners rebuke
And my Creators praise

War What answers Clarence to his soueraignes will?

Gla Clarence agrees to what King Henry likes

King My Lord of Summerset, what prettie
Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of?

Sum And it please your grace, it is yong Henry,
Earle of Richmond

King Henry of Richmond, Come hither prettie Lidde.
If heauenlie powers doe aime aright
To my diuining thoughts, thou prettie boy,
Shal proue this Countries blisse,
Thy head is made to weare a princelie crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie,
Make much of him my Lords,
For this is he shall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me

Enter one with a letter to WARWICK

War What Counsell Lords, Edward from Belgia,
With hastie Germanes and blunt Hollanders,
Is past in safetie through the narrow seas,
And with his troopes doe march amaine towards London,
And manie giddie people follow him

Oxf Tis best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,

It will be hard for vs to quench it out

War In Warwickschire I haue true-harted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muster vp, and thou senno Clarence shalt
In Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee
And thou brother Montague, in Leistershire,
Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde,
Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands,
And thou braue Oxford wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends
My soueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fairo Lords take leaue and stand not to reple,
Farewell my soueraigne

King Farewel my Hector, my Troyes true hope

War Farewell sweet Lords, lets meet at Couentrie

All Agreed

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

Enter Edward and his traine

Edw Sease on the shamefast Henry,
And once againe conuaine him to the Towor,
Awaie with him, I will not heare him speake
And now towards Couentrie let vs bend our course
To meet with Warwike and his confederates

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

Enter WARWIKE on the walles

War Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord my honest fellow?

Oxf post By this at Daintie marching hitherward

War Whero is our brother Montague?

Whero is the post that came from Montague?

Post I left him at Donsmore with his troopes

War Say Summerfield whero is my louing son?

And by thy gesse, how farre is Clarence hence?

Sommer At Southain my Lord I left him with
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence

War Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum

Enter EDWARD and his power

Glo See brother, where the surly Warwike man the
wal

War O vnbid spight, is spotfull Edward come!
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduste,
That we could haue no nowes of their repaire?

Edw Now Warwike wilt thou be sorry for thy faults,
And call Edward king and he will pardon thee

War Naie rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe?
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe?
Call Warwike patron and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke

Glo I had thought at least he would haue said the king.
Or did he make the rest against his will

War Twas Warwike gaue the kingdome to thy brother

Edw Why then tis mine, if but by Warwikes gift

War I but thou art no Atlas for so great a waight,
And weakling, Warwike takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, Warwike his subiect

Edw I prethe gallant Warwike tell me this,
What is the bodie when the head is off?

Glo Alasse that Warwike had no more foresight,
But whilst he sought to sterle the single ten,
The king was finelic fingerd from the decke?
You left poore Henry in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one you'ld meet him in the Tower

Edw Tis euen so, and yet you are olde Warwike still

War O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford come

Enter OXFORD with drum and souldiers & al crye,

Oxf Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster

[*Exit.*]

Edw The Gates are open, see they enter in,
Lets follow them and bid them battaile in the streetes

Glo No, so some other might set vpon our backs,
Weele staue till all be entered, and then follow them

Enter SUMMERSET with drum and souldiers

Sum Summerset, Summerset, for Lancaster [Exit

Glo Two of thy name both Dukes of Summersct,
Haue solde their hucs into the house of Yorke,
And thou shalt be the thirde and my sword hold

Enter MONTAGUE with drum and souldiers

Mont Montague, Montague, for Lancaster [Exit

Edw Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother
Shall deerele abie this rebellions act

Enter CLARENCE with drum and souldiers

War And loe where George of Clarence sweepes
Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell

Gla Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster

Edw Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Caesar too?
A parlie sirra to George of Clarence

*Sound a Par lie, and RICHARD and CLARENCE whispers together,
and then CLARENCE takes his red Rose out of his hat, and
throwes it at WARWICK*

War Com Clarence come, thou wilt if Warwike call

Gla Father of Warwike, know yon what this meanes?
I throw mine infamie at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers house,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones together,
And set vp Lancaster Thinkest thou
That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall,
To lift his sword against his brothers life,
And so prond harted Warwike I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes?

Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,
 And Richard doe not frowne vpon me,
 For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant

Edw Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,
 Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate

Glo Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherlie

War Oh passing traytor, periu'd and vnjust

Edw Now Warwike, wilt thou leaue
 The towne and fight? or shall we beate the
 Stones about thine eares?

War Why I am not choopt vppe heere for defence,
 I will awaie to Barnet presently,
 And bid thee battaile Edward if thou darest

Edw Yes Warwike he dares, and leades the waie,
 Lords to the field, saint George and victorie.

[*Ereunt Omnes*]

Alarmes, and then enter WARWIK wounded

War Ah, who is me? Come to me friend or foe,
 And tell me who is victor Yorke or Warwike?
 Why aske I that? my mangied bodie shewes,
 That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth
 And by my fall the conquest to my foes,
 Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
 Whose armes gaue shelter to the princelie Eagle,
 Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
 Whose top branch ouerpeerd Ioues spreading tree
 The wrinkles in my browes now fill'd with blood,
 Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers
 For who ha'd king, but I could dig his graue?
 And who durst smile, when Warwike bent his brow?
 Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and blood,
 My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,
 Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,
 Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter OXFORD and SUMMERSET

Oxf Ah Warwike, Warwike, cheere vp thy selfe and
lue,

For yet thears hope enough to win the daie
Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from France,
And at South-hampton landed all hir traine,
And mightst thou lue, then would we neuer fie

War Whie then I would not fie, nor haue I now,
But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to ods,
For manie wounds receu'd, and manie moe repaid,
Hath robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death

Som Thy brother Montague hath breathd his last,
And at the pangs of death I heard him crie
And saio, commend me to my valiant brother,
And more he would haue spoke and more he said,
Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,
That could not be distinguisht for the sound,
And so the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghost

War What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and
dust?

And lue we how we can, yet die we must
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your solues,
For Warwike bids you all farewell to meet in Heaven

[He dies]

Oxf Come noble Summerset, lets take our horse,
And cause retrait be sounded through the campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine alue,
Maie be awarn'd and saue themselves by flight
That done, with them weele post vnto the Queene,
And once more trie our fortune in the field *[Ex ambo.]*

Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, with souldiers

Edw Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,

And girts our temples with triumphant ioyes,
 The lighboond traitor Warwike hath breathde his last,
 And heauen this daie hath smilde vpon vs all,
 But in this cleere and brightsome daie,
 I see a blake suspitious cloud appeare
 That will encounter with our glorious sunne
 Before he gaine his easfull westerne beames,
 I mean those powers which the Queen hath got in Fraunce
 Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs

Al Oxford and Summerset are fled to hir
 And tis likelie if she haue time to breath,
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours

Alr We are aduertisde by our louing friends,
 That they doe hold their course towards Tewsburie
 Thither will we, for willingnes rids waie,
 And in euerie countie as we passe along,
 Our strengthes shall be augmented.
 Come lets goe, for if we slacke this faire
 Bright Summers daie, sharpe winters
 Showers will marre our hope for haue

[*Ex Omnes*]

*Enter the Queene, Prince EDWARD, OXFORD and SUMMERSSET,
 with drum and souldiers*

Quee Welcome to England, my louing friends of Fraunce
 And welcome Summerset, and Oxford too
 Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,
 And though our tackling be almost consumde,
 And Warwike as our maine mast ouerthrowne,
 Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,
 That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,
 And Ned and I as willing Pilots should
 For once with carefull mundes guide on the sterne,
 To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
 That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends

Prince And if there be, as God forbid there should,

Amongst vs a timorous or fearefull man,
 Let him depart before the battels come,
 Least he in time of need intise another,
 And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs
 I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
 But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,
 And single Edward from his strongest guard,
 And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
 Or leaue my bodie as witnesse of my thoughts

Oxf Women and children of so high resolute,
 And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall
 Shame? Oh braue yong Prince, thy
 Noble grandfather doth lue againe in thee,
 Long maiest thou lue to beare his image,
 And to renew his glories

Sum And he that turnes and flies when such do fight
 Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie
 Be hist, and wondered at if he arise

Enter a Messenger

Mes My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power,
 Is marching hitherwards to fight with you

Oxf I thought it was his pollicie, to take vs vnprouded,
 But here will we stand and fight it to the death

Enter King EDWARD, CLA. GLO. HAST and Souldiers

Edw See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,
 Which by God's assistance and your prowesse,
 Shall with our swords yer night be cleane cut downe

Queen Lords, Knights, & gentlemen, what I should say,
 My teares gamesaie, for as you see, I drinke
 The water of mine eyes Then no more
 But this Henry your king is prisoner
 In the tower, his land and all our friends
 Are quite distrest, and yonder stande

The Wolfe that makes all this,
 Then on Gods name Lords together cry saint George
All Saint George for Lancaster

Alarmes to the battell, YORKE flies, then the chambers be discharged Then enter the king, CLA & GLO & the rest, & make a great shout, and crye, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene is taken, & the prince, & OXF. & STR and then sound and enter all againe

Edw Lo here a period of tumultuous broiles,
 Awake with Oxford to Hames castell straight,
 For Summerset off with his guiltie head
 Awake I will not heare them speake

Oxf For my part Ile not trouble thee with words

[*Exit OXFORD*]

Sum Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death

[*Exit SUM.*]

Edw Now Edward what satisfaction canst thou make,
 For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?

Prin Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke,
 Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
 Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand kneele thou,
 Whilst I propose the selfesame words to thee,
 Which traytor thou woudst haue me answere to
Queen Oh that thy father had been so resolu'd.

Glo That you might still haue kept your
 Petticote, and nere haue stolne the
 Breach from Lancaster

Prince Let Aesop fable in a winters night,
 His currish Riddles sorts not with this place

Glo By heauen brat Ile plague you for that word

Queen I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Glo For Gods sake take awaie this captiue scold.

Prin Nay take away this skolding Crookbacke rather

Edw Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue

Gla Vntuterd lad thou art too malepert

Prim I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull
Lascimous Edward, and thou perniurd George,
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all,
I am your better traytors as you be

Edw Take that, the hitnes of this railer heere

Queen Oh kill me too

Glo Marrie and shall

Edw Hold Richard hold, for we haue doone too much
alreadie

Glo Why should she lue to fill the world with words?

Ed What doth she swound? make meanes for

Hor recouerie?

Glo Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother,
I must to London on a serious matter,

Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes

Gla About what, prethe tell me?

Glo Tho Tower man, the Tower, flo root them out

[Exit GLOSTER

Queen Ah Ned, speake to thy mother boy? ah

Thou canst not speake

Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides,

Thoy that stabd Cæsar shed no bloud at all,

For he was a man, this in respect a childe,

And mon nere spend their furie on a child,

What's worse then tyrant that I maie name,

You haue no children Deuils, if you had,

The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage,

But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,

Looke in his youth to naue him so out off,

As Traytors you haue doone this sweet young prince

Edw Awake, and beare her hence

Queen Naie nere beare me hence, dispatch

Me heere, heere sheath thy sword,

Ile pardon thee my death Wilt thou not?

Then Clarence, doe thou doe it ?

Cla By Heauen I would not doe thee so much ease

Queen Good Clarence doe, sweet Clarence kill me too

Cla Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it ?

Queen I, but thou vsest to forswear thy selfo,

Twas sinne before, but now tis charitie

Where's the Diuels butcher, hardfaored Richard,

Richard where art thou ? He is not heere,

Murder is his almes deed, petitioners

For bloud he nere put backe

Edw Awaie I saie, and take her hence perforce

Queen So come to you and yours, as to this prince [Ex

Edw Clarence, whithers Gloster gone ?

Cla Marrie my Lord to London, and as I gesse, to
Make a bloudie supper in the Tower

Edw He is sudden if a thing come in his head.

Well, discharge the common souldiers with paie

And thankes, and now let vs towards London,

To see our gentle Queene how shee doth fare,

For by this I hope shee hath a sonne for vs

[Exeunt Omnes

Enter GLOSTER to King HENRY in the Tower

Glo Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard ?

Hen I my good Lord Lord I should saie rather,
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,

Good Gloster, and good Diuell, were all alike,

What scene of Death hath Rosius now to act ?

Glo Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind

Hen The birde once limde doth feare the fatall snah,
And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,
Hauue now the fatall object in mine eie,

Where my poor young was limde, was caught & kild

Glo Why, what a foole was that of Creeto ?

That taught his sonne the office

Hen I and for much more slaughter after this
O God forgue my sinnes, and pardon thee [*He dies*

Glo What? will the aspiring bloud of Lancaster
Sink into the ground I had thought it would haue
mounted,

See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee, [*Stab him againe*
Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither
I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare
Indeed twas true that Henry told me of,
For I haue often heard my mother saie,
That I came into the world with my legs forward,
And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?
The women wept and the midwife cride,
O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth
And so I was indeed, which plainche signifie,
That I should snarle and bite, and plauie the dogge.
Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so,
Let hell make crookt my mind to answere it
I had no father, I am like no father,
I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers,
And this word *Loue* which gray beards tearme diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am my selfe alone
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light
But I will sort a pitchie dme for thee
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
As Edward shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, He be thy death
Henry and his sonne are gone, thou Clarence next,
And by one and one I will dispatch the rest.
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best

Queen Thankes noble Clarence worthe brother thankes.

Isolste And that I loue the fruit from whence thou
Springst, witnesse the louing kisse I giue the child
To sue the truth so Iudas kist his maister,
And so he cried all haile, and meant all harme

Edicard Nowe am I seated as my soule delights,
Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues

Isa What will your gracco haue done with Margaret,
Lanard her father to the king of France,
Hith pawnd the Cyssels and Ierusalem,
And hither haue they sent it for hor ransome

Faw Awake with hor, and wafte hir henco to France,
And now what rests but that we spend the time,
With stately Triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasures of the Court
Sound drums and Trumpets, farewell to sower annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioie [Exeunt Omnes

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